

From a Photo by
HERBERT BELL, Ambleside]

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

THERE are few religious teachers who touch life at so many points as Mr. Stopford Brooke. As a man of letters his reputation is assured, and his *Life of Robertson* has been a standard biography for many years. As a student and critic of poetry he has done much to influence public taste, and the best elements of his own felicity of style may be traced to his passionate appreciation of the poets. He is himself a poet, graceful and melodious, if not original. His interest in social questions is well known, and long before it was fashionable to discuss such themes in the pulpit Mr. Brooke had led the way with both skill and daring in his pulpit utterances. His interest in art is scarcely less than his interest in poetry, and to these many claims must be added that of being one of the first preachers of the day, addressing, it is true, not great numbers, but some of the keenest thinkers in London Sunday by Sunday, and influencing by his printed sermons hundreds of other preachers, who would no doubt reject his theological conclusions, but acknowledge and profit by his suggestiveness of theme, thought, and phrase.

Of some of these characteristics the tall, quiet house in Manchester Square affords ample evidence. On all sides there are works of art, carefully collected by a catholic and cultured taste. The study is reached by many stairs, and is at the very top of the house. It is a large, irregular, quiet room, full of books, pictures, prints, and redolent of tobacco. Some very fine impressions of Turner's *Liber Studiorum* hang upon the walls, with many other exquisite things in water-colour and engraving. Among these rare and beautiful things the massive head and eager face of Mr. Brooke find their proper setting. It must be nearly twelve years ago since I first climbed those steep stairs in fear

and trembling. I held the MS. of my first book in my hand, and had been thoughtless enough to add to Mr. Brooke's labours in asking him to be my critic. I knew no one in the literary world, I had no friend whose judgment I could trust on the delicate values and effects of poetry. I had written to Mr. Brooke with a faith in both his genius and kindness, and I was not disappointed. With what discrimination and sympathy he read through my verses, I still remember, and with gratitude. There was not a poem which he did not examine in detail, did not weigh and sift; and when the verdict was adverse, it was given with a touch of genial humour which effectually spared the vanity of the author. I do not know whether Mr. Brooke has often performed similar acts of kindness, and I sincerely trust that these confessions of mine will not expose him to a shower of MSS. from budding authors; but an act such as his, is one that a man remembers all his life, and it is always a spot of sunshine in the past. In that first volume there was no poem printed that had not passed the ordeal of his criticism and won his approval, and its rejected verses are rejected still, and even to my partial eyes deserve no better fate.

Mr. Brooke is no longer to be found, except upon occasion, in the study at Manchester Square; long ago it became too known a refuge for the literary Adullamite to afford the quiet needed for scholarly pursuits. There is another study now, close to the "central roar" of London, in the dingiest of streets, where Mr. Brooke spends his working hours. A drearier refuge, judged from the outside, could not be imagined; but inside all is bright and beautiful. The familiar water-colours are on the walls, and there is the same pleasant litter of books and fragrance

of tobacco. It was in this little room that the whole of his masterly *History of Early English Literature* was written. It is small as a monastic cell—a good-sized one, however—and has the air of a genial asceticism. For, wide as Mr. Brooke's sympathies are, in his personal habits there is a curious touch of the ascetic. For many years he has been a total abstainer, and takes care to impress his convictions with both force and subtlety of argument. He has little interest in, or care for, the mere externals of conventional life. The simplest food, the homeliest dress, are good enough for him. For what is called "society" he has no love, although few men are better fitted to shine in it. His life is wholly a life of thought; his interests are intellectual; his pleasures those of a cultivated taste. He asks no counsel of the world, and stands aloof from its tumult. Not, however, that he is not profoundly interested in all its movements. These he watches with a keen and passionate eye, and his heart throbs with the progress of the times. A more ardent democrat does not live. In him the civic passion is as strong as the intellectual, and the one works side by side with the other. It is well that it is so. Culture, as we know, is only too likely to develop a heartless æstheticism; Mr. Brooke's æstheticism is pronounced enough, but it is not heartless. It is allied with a singularly robust manliness, and a political creed of the simplest and broadest order.

It was in this little room that we were talking one day on books, and reading, and poetry. "After all," said Mr. Brooke, "in poetry a man must write as he can. No one can really teach him. He will do the fine and right thing by instinct, by intuition, or not at all. You may applaud him when he has done it, but you cannot help him to do it."

The subject swung round to books and readers. "It is a mistake to suppose that society people buy books or read them to any extent," he said. "The great readers and book buyers are the middle classes."

"But what about the working-men?"
 "They have no time to read much, and no money to spend on books. But they will do better some day. In the meantime, the middle classes furnish the real reading public; the wealthy and aristocratic do little or nothing for any book."

"And about criticism, reviews, etc.?"
 "Criticism is much less effectual than people suppose. A book finds its public and its position in its own way. A really first-class book never fails."

The conversation passed to the discussion of a new poet who, at that time, was being extravagantly praised.

"Take up your Keats or Shelley, and mark the

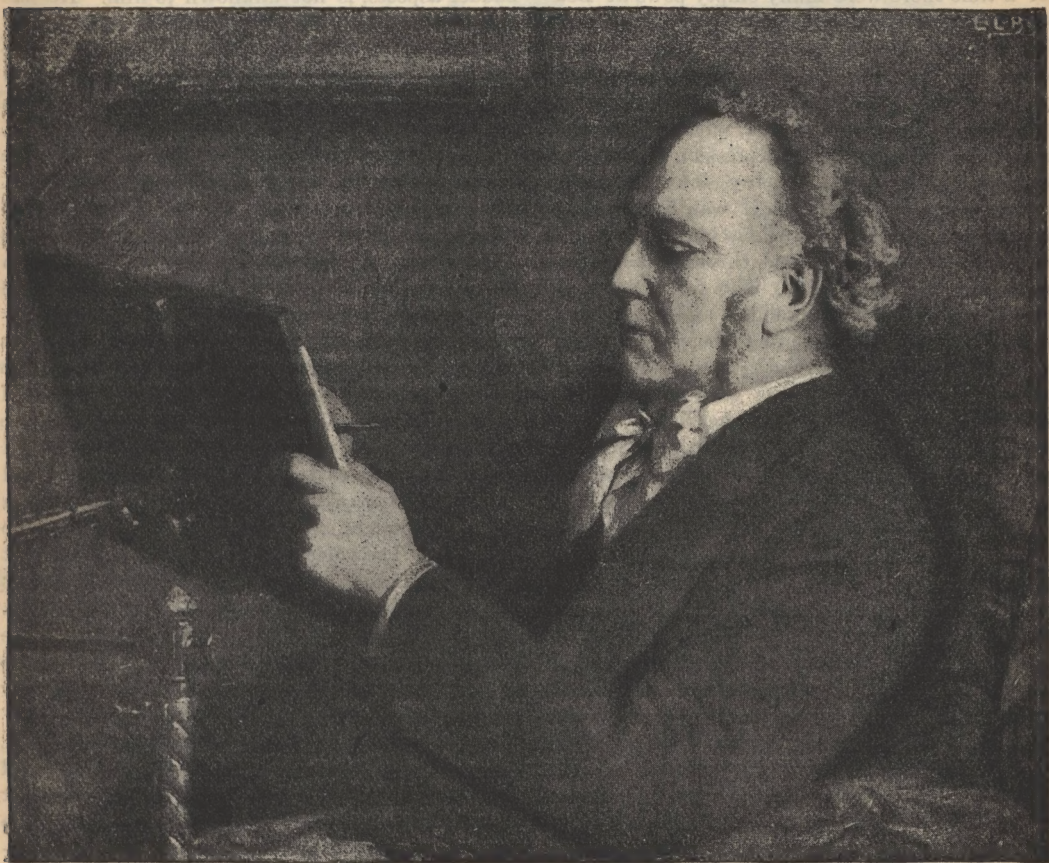
difference," said Mr. Brooke. "There there is power, immense reserve of strength. But this modern poetry is finished to the last point, and has made the most of all its resources. There is no reserve, no sense of strength and power; nothing that is characteristic of the truly great poet."

Conversations like these must always be imperfectly remembered, but the impressions of their thought and of the emphasis of the speaker are not forgotten. To me it was very interesting and impressive to hear Mr. Brooke's view of the middle classes. We have been so accustomed to accept as true the current sneers at the Philistinism of these classes—the invincible stupidity of their contented ignorance, their carelessness of culture and hostility to it—that it was a novelty to hear one of the most competent critics and observers of our time describe them as the only classes widely interested in books. Yet undoubtedly Mr. Brooke's criticism is true. Nor does it merely concern the popular author, whose books unmistakably appeal to the average taste. Free education, high schools, and the opening of the universities have had an enormous influence on all classes, but, most of all, on the middle classes. Even where the parents still remain careless of books, the children do not fail to grow up in a different atmosphere. And, above all, the atmosphere they breathe is largely a serious one. Books are for them a real blessing, a resource, an interest, and a refuge, and reading enters naturally into the serious business of their life.

The hold which Mr. Brooke has over many diverse minds is due, not merely to the fact that he is a brilliant man, but that he is a supremely brave and honest man. There was a day when, to very many people, he seemed to be meant for an ideal Dean of Westminster: the only man who, by grace of manner, width of culture, and catholicity of sympathy, seemed qualified to succeed Dean Stanley. But preferment, which has travelled in many curious and questionable directions, has never fallen in the way of Mr. Brooke. From the first he has stood alone, and any position which he has won is entirely of his own making. The Church of England gave him nothing but standing room, for it has been his singular lot never to have been presented to a living, but to have preached entirely in proprietary chapels. His London career dates from 1866, when his graceful and brilliant sermons drew crowds to St. James's Chapel. In 1875 he removed to the dingy building known as Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury. This chapel has had a curious history. It was the scene of the ministry of Dr. Dodd, and later of Mr. Bellew. It has little to recommend it either in its position or its structure. But to Mr. Brooke it had one supreme

good quality—it was free. Here a man could speak the thing he willed. Its relation to the Church of England was of the flimsiest description; in fact, it had no relation, except that its incumbent had usually been a clergyman. Mr. Brooke's friends presented him with the lease, and from that hour he was absolutely independent. He had neither deacons nor churchwardens to consult; he could arrange his own service and formulate his own creed. He stood on a basis of his own, an earnest student of

according to the view of nine persons out of ten, in no way dishonourable for Mr. Brooke to have stood upon the same compromise. No one wanted Mr. Brooke to secede. It has always been, at least in these later days, the boast of the Establishment that it has room within its borders for every species of thought. Where Dean Stanley and Mr. Haweis could find asylum, it might be supposed that there was ample room for Mr. Brooke. Had opinion among the Broad Church clergy been canvassed on the question, it would



THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

[By L. LESLIE BROOKE.
EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY.]

truth, determined to speak the truth as he knew it, and to speak the whole truth without regard to consequence.

Every one knows that in the result Mr. Brooke found it necessary to secede from the Church of England. I have no intention of discussing that step, but I cannot forbear pointing out the courage and honesty which it implied. For, as a matter of fact, there were, and are, many clergymen whose views are not less broad than Mr. Brooke's, who nevertheless remain in the Church of England, and have no scruple in accepting her creeds. It would have been easy, and, ac-

have declared unanimously that secession on theological grounds such as Mr. Brooke defended, might be a chivalrous, but was a wholly foolish and unnecessary act. But to Mr. Brooke no such position was possible. He had come to see that it was dishonest, insincere, and therefore untenable. It meant a form of intellectual jugglery, ruinous alike to the sincerity and the influence of any public teacher, especially a teacher of morals and religion. Any gain that might be won by preaching under the august auspices of a national Church—and there were many gains of a social and public character—was more than

counterbalanced by the loss of spiritual integrity and the diminution of moral force which it involved. Mr. Brooke knew well that there was "but one right thing in all the world" for any man, and, like the honest and independent man he is, he took the difficult right step in secession.

Since then many things have happened, but it is safe to say that Mr. Brooke's influence has slowly grown as men have come to understand his motives better. Naturally his secession was a great shock to great numbers of people; and for a time there were many empty pews at Bedford Chapel. The greater freedom of the preacher found expression in an altered service. The service of the Church of England was still used, but with significant revisions and omissions. A new hymn-book was prepared, with a view to an exacter and more rational expression of religious feeling, and in spite of many defects such as might have been expected, it was both a fresh and beautiful collection of Christian lyrics. Men who themselves had passed through the ordeal of intellectual perplexity, who felt that truth was the one thing to be sought, and intellectual honesty the rarest treasure to be preserved, respected a teacher who had given up much for conscience' sake, and they gathered to him. Whether he had found a higher truth or lost one was not the question. The thing was that he was honest. He said what he believed, no more and no less. He played no tricks with his conscience, and he was conspicuously fair in dealing with his opponents. After all, these are somewhat rare qualities, and at all events they merit respect. That respect Mr. Brooke has won and kept, and it is not the least of his claims to honour that in an age when compromise taints all things, and has done more than anything else to dull the edge of religious truth, he has thus set a memorable example of the courage of independence, the fearlessness of a fine sincerity.

People who have heard Mr. Brooke preach, when the theme has been one entirely congenial to his sympathies, are not likely to forget the occasion. The fine face that smiles and kindles, the sympathetic voice, with its exquisite modulations, the glow of imagery that runs through all he says, the lucid thought and finished phrase, all make a picture in the mind not readily effaced. I have never heard any one read the Scripture or the Collects with so delicate a sense of their meaning, and with so quietly fine an elocution. They gain a new inspiration and beauty as his discriminating emphasis vitalizes the familiar

phrases, and expresses the coherence of their thought. His preaching is not, and never could be in any sense, preaching for the masses. There are no broad effects, no sensational touches; what we call the popular element is lacking. But there is a fine lucidity of thought and statement, a charm of style and cadence, which captivate a cultured sense. There is something in the voice and pose of the speaker that in themselves affect the imagination. One is conscious of a subtle note of sadness, vibrating alike in the voice and thought of the speaker. Life, in its sorrier and sadder aspects, is not unknown to him. He has dwelt like Robertson, whose life he has so well interpreted, in a land of spiritual loneliness. He speaks as one conscious of the world, and of much that is good and beautiful in it, but still as one removed from it, living outside its clamours in a softer and greyer air. "The world is good," he seems to say, "but love not the world over-much. If it is good, it is also sad, and the wise man will remember this. There is nothing better than to do good in your life, and to wait the end when no man can work, in quiet confidence of the love of God." Of doctrines, nowadays, he has relatively little to say. For him the battle of thought about beliefs is finally fought out and ended. But he has much to say of life, of its mystery and sadness, of the golden dreams of youth and the opportunities of manhood, of its highest good and its defiling evils, and above all of its social claims. To many, such a message may seem sadly incomplete, but nevertheless it is a genuine message. The voice is a true prophetic voice. It finds its echo in the souls of the few; it is not clamant or strenuous enough to reach the many. If it does not speak for us, we may at least have charity enough to conclude that it speaks to others, and remember that "there are many voices, but none without signification."

Altogether, I take it, a noble and beautiful life, quietly lived out in our midst, in contented allegiance to what it conceives the highest duties and the purest pleasures. A sincere life is always impressive, and cannot fail of nobleness. Perhaps, when all is said, that is the last word which should be uttered. Mr. Brooke's life has been an eminently sincere one, devoted with equal fidelity to truth and beauty, and holding its own course throughout with the steadfastness of a strong and original nature. Even those who differ from him most widely on matters of opinion will acknowledge so much, let us hope, not grudgingly, but gratefully.

W. J. DAWSON.

*** Our readers will be interested to know that the Serial Story for *THE YOUNG MAN*, during 1895, will be written by MR. GILBERT PARKER.

KNOWLEDGE is power in this noblest sense, that it enables us to benefit others and to pay our way honourably in life by being of use.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



Inclined planks.



Water jump.



High jump.



Tarballin.



OUR
Athletic Sports.
An Obstacle Race.



*Swinging
barrils.*

THE MAN'S SON WHO WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN.

THE blacksmith's shop stood at one end of the village, and the market-place at the other. A straight but unevenly paved street connected these two starting-points. The village consisted of this street and a group of houses humped up behind the centre of it, while in front stood the parish church surrounded by the churchyard. The church stood alone, as a pedagogue stands before a group of boys. In the main street, and opposite the churchyard wall, was a very small shop with a small but very deep window, in which a miscellaneous collection of goods was spread to tempt the passers-by, principally boys and girls passing to and from school. This little shop belonged to an old white-headed man, named Isaac Trotter. Isaac had a son called James, but nicknamed by the villagers "Gentleman James," because from his earliest years he had intimated to all and sundry that his intention and highest ambition was to be a gentleman. Isaac, a weak, affectionate man, who had lost his wife at the child's birth, smiled at the idea of his son becoming a gentleman, and at the same time secretly nourished the hope. And that his hope might have some foundation he worked hard and laid by money against the time that his son should need it. Isaac was a carpenter, and as he had married late in life, and had always been of a saving turn of mind, he had laid by a considerable sum of money by the time that Gentleman James expressed a desire to go to the university and become a doctor.

During his son's first session at the university Isaac had a stroke of paralysis which left him unfit for active work. But that he might not in the least encroach upon his savings he took the little shop opposite the churchyard wall, and contrived to live on the proceeds of it. Gentleman James' career at the university was brilliant but disastrous. His love of show and desire to cut a figure was not conducive to study, but rather to the waste of his time and of his father's hard-earned money. As the time approached when, according to his own calculations, Gentleman James ought to be a duly qualified practitioner, there was very little left of the old man's savings. And what had the youth to show for all that had been done for him? Verily, nothing. Isaac, however, had no suspicion of this, for his son had developed into a bold and accomplished liar. The end came rapidly. Gentleman James was deep in debt, and he knew that he could never be a doctor. What was he to do? He had been qualifying for the proper answer to this question for a considerable time, and he expressed it to his own satisfaction in one word—he must "bolt." Therefore he wrote his father a letter in which he stated that because he was the son of a

poor man the professors at the university had conspired against him to deprive him of his degree for another year or more; but that he had no intention of remaining idle, and was determined to start for America the following day, whence he hoped soon to return with his pockets full of money (with which he would repay his father every farthing spent on his education) and an American degree, which, in medicine, was superior to any in Britain. Isaac read this epistle with a failing heart; but he believed in it passionately. Yet he never spoke of the matter to any one; but the villagers formed their own opinions, which did not err on the side of charity.

A year had passed since Gentleman James had penned his farewell. It was a bright, breezy day in spring, and about noon two schoolboys stood gazing into Isaac's shop window and at the same time consuming their mid-day meal. But looking out of the corners of their eyes, as schoolboys sometimes do when they are not engaged in any nefarious undertaking (for then they are notoriously lax in their vigilance), they spied a young man approaching from the blacksmith's end of the town. After some smothered talk and suppressed giggles the boys summoned up courage to enter the shop. There was no one behind the counter, but in answer to their knock Isaac came in slowly, and looked at them smilingly through his spectacles. He was a tall old man, with stooping shoulders and a bleached, haggard face.

"Well, my dears," he said gently; "what do you want?"

After sundry nudgings of each other, which ended in the hopeless confusion of the weaker boy, the other burst out: "Please, sir, Gentleman James is coming down the street; and please to have dinner ready, and nothing so vulgar as herrings." Then, with an explosion of mirth, the little miscreants rushed out of the shop. But when they reached the middle of the road they turned round, their little broad faces puckered with grins and marked with jam, and retreated backwards, the better to enjoy their victory. Moving thus, they tripped over each other, and rolled on the road together. Regaining their feet, they fled precipitately, as if of necessity they must now be hotly pursued, and were soon out of sight. With shaking head and hands Isaac stood behind his counter and wondered if the little boys had been instigated by some grown-up person to torment him in such a cruel way. He sat down in his chair by the window, and his head fell despondently upon his breast. He had not been in this position for more than a minute when some one stopped at his door, and after a

slight but perceptible pause, entered the shop. Isaac looked up, then rose to his feet with outstretched hands that trembled piteously.

"James, my son," he stammered.

"Yes, yes," said Gentleman James. "But don't let us stand here. I shouldn't like any one to come in and find me here. Villagers are such gossips."

The old man, scarcely hearing what his son said, led the way into the little room at the back of the shop.

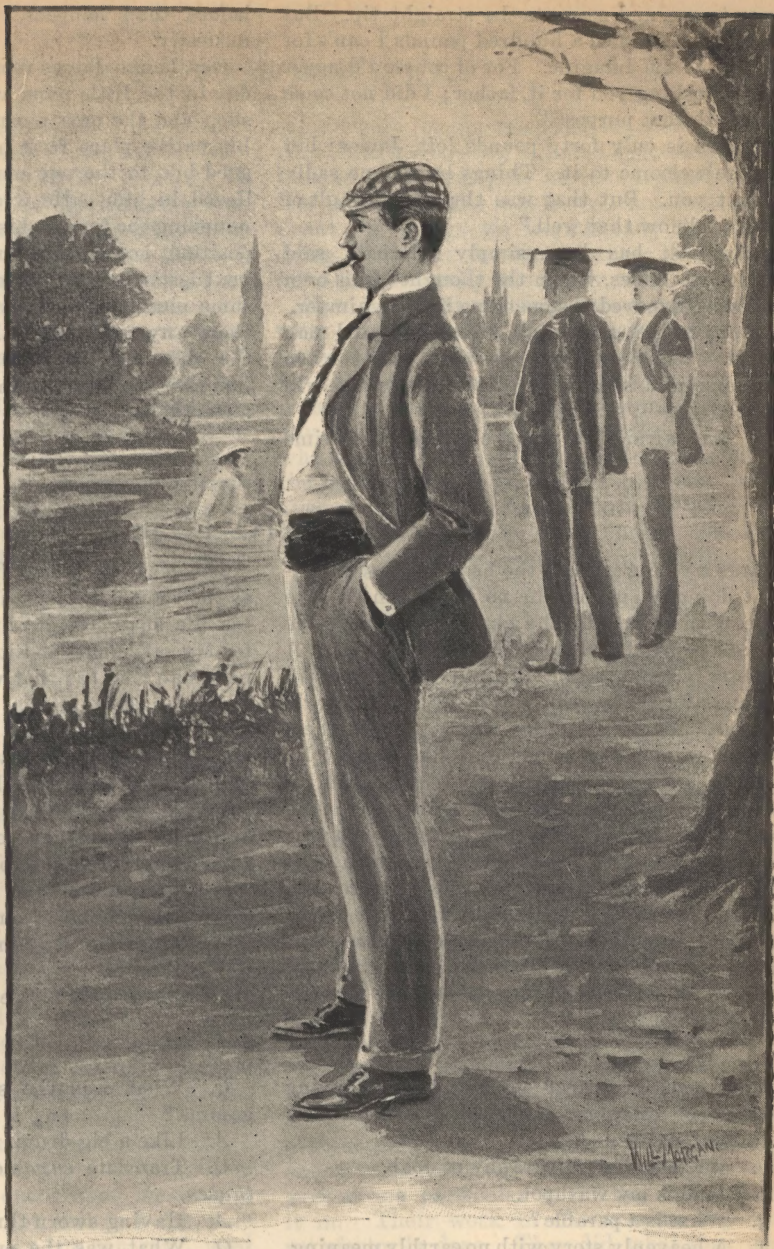
"You are looking a bit shaky, father," said Gentleman James, sitting down and eyeing his sire critically.

"I've had another stroke, James," the old man replied. "The next will be my last. Ah! but I'm glad to see you, James; I'm glad to see you. What sort of place is America?"

"Oh, an immense place," Gentleman James replied vaguely; for he had not been further away than London. "But I'm sorry to say I've not made my fortune there. I believe that there's no place like the old country after all; and I was a great fool to leave it. But at least I cost you nothing, father: I have that consolation." This was brazen-faced enough, but there was enough truth in the statement to make Isaac accept it readily.

"I thought you would have written me from America, James. What about the degree?"

"Oh, an American degree isn't worth having. But I have it for all it's worth. Yes, father, I managed to get along without writing to you,"



"HIS LOVE OF SHOW AND DESIRE TO CUT A FIGURE WAS NOT CONDUCTIVE TO STUDY, BUT RATHER TO THE WASTE OF HIS TIME AND OF HIS FATHER'S HARD-EARNED MONEY."

Gentleman James sighed piously; "though sometimes I was very sore put to it. I think I can see my way now, though, if I could only lay my hands honestly on a hundred pounds. A friend of mine, a gentleman moving in the best society, has shown me how to turn a hundred pounds into a thousand in less than a week. He is one of the longest-headed ones anywhere. He came over with me in the boat, seemed to take a great

fancy to me, and gave me the straight tip. But where I am to raise a hundred pounds I can't for the life of me imagine. For of course I'd never think of asking you for it, father; I did not come here with that purpose."

"There is only forty pounds left, James; but you are welcome to it. Things have gone sadly against you. But that was through no fault of yours; I know that well."

"My luck has been simply infernal," said Gentleman James, whom the thought of his own misfortunes moved to something like a whimper.

"But you're a gentleman, James," the old man smiled. "Any one can see that. And when you come and settle down here, every one will acknowledge it, that they will."

"I am afraid it will be some little time

before that happens," said the young man modestly.

Gentleman James remained for the rest of the day in the little room at the back of his father's shop, and the next morning he shook the dust of his native place from his feet for ever, and said good-bye to the one man in the world who believed in him. He wrote one letter home, announcing the turn in his luck, and his established position, accordingly, in good society. In his next letter he said he hoped to be able to enclose some money. That letter never came, nor was there any need of it. For not long afterwards the old man died, cheered with the belief that had never forsaken him, that his son James was a Gentleman.

ALEXANDER STUART.

READY TO LOSE.

HE was a young man, at the head of an establishment doing a business by no means small. He came with others to the church one day—one week-day—to attend a devotional meeting. A minister present spoke of the profitableness of godliness for this world as well as for the world to come. As he sat down the young business man arose, and said something like this: "No doubt it is true that godliness is profitable for this world, but we must not think too much about that. What the world needs is men who are willing to lose for Christ's sake, men who will be true to their better natures, true to conscience, true to God, no matter what the result may be, gain or loss. There are some losses that we can afford. There are some gains that will never be of any benefit to ourselves or to anybody else."

The Master's words flashed through my mind as the young man took his seat: "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Blessed is that business man who has that word hidden in his heart, and who goes to his counting-house to gain or to lose for Christ's sake. We are not here merely to gratify our own tastes and inclinations. We are not here for the one purpose of finding our own life. We are here, each one of us, to help some other man to find his life. We may seem to be losing our own while we are helping the other man to find *his* own, but in this very service, which may seem to mean loss to us, we find our *life*, our only true life, because it is the Christlike life.

"There are some losses that we can afford."

W. N. B.

AN American paper prints the following samples of answers given in written school examinations:—

Q. Write a short biography of Joab.

A. Joab is my washpot.

Q. What is a parable?

A. A heavenly story with no earthly meaning.

Q. Describe Cromwell's continental policy.

A. Cromwell was very well behaved and quiet. He had nine children.

Q. When was Clive born?

A. In 1757, at the age of eighteen.

Q. What was the object of the censorship at Rome?

A. It was established to put down celibacy, profligacy, and other vices.

Q. Give the meaning and derivation of "dis-crimen."

A. The crisis of a battle; from "dis," in every direction, and "crimen," a charge.

Q. What was the sound of the Greek Di-gamma?

A. Like a big drum.

Q. Translate *euxamenos treis chimairas enthusen*.

A. Having sworn three dams, he sacrificed.

Q. What was the purport of the Sermon on the Mount?

A. Our Lord said: "If a man smite thee on the right cheek, smite him also on the other."

HENRY WARD BEECHER once said: Take the lowest seat and work your way up. Let a man be called up always. Do your work wherever you are, and do it faithfully and so contentedly that they will want you still higher. The more you do your work well, the more they will want you still higher and higher. Be drawn up. Do not force yourself up. That leads to chicanery, to pretence, to mistakes, and even to temptations and crimes.

ALL-ROUND CULTURE.

By C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

SOME years ago, when I had reached the mature age of seventeen, and was consequently competent to do so, I fell out with Mr. Ruskin. It was to me a serious matter. Mr. Ruskin had presumed on the confidence I reposed in him, and had taken me in. It was like this. I stumbled one day by accident on a passage in which he praised Emerson's appreciation of heroes. Being in the throes of hero-worship myself, I invested forthwith in a copy of Emerson's Essays, and began to cultivate an affection for transcendentalism. Suddenly there appeared Mr. Ruskin's famous letter criticising Sir John Lubbock's list of the best hundred books. Among other mysterious judgments he crossed out Emerson's writings as being "poisonous." This was too much for me. To Mr. Ruskin himself I attributed the advice which had, it seemed, led me to freely partake of what was poisonous. It was too bad. I sat down that very night and wrote to Mr. Ruskin. It was a scathing epistle; it showed up his inconsistencies: it challenged him to justify himself. Then I slept the sleep of the just, and, to my prodigious astonishment, at the end of two days I received a reply. It lies before me now. With most of it this article has nothing to do; its conclusion it is that I want to reproduce.

"Read me or any other author whom you can trust," he writes, "for what you understand in us; and what you don't, leave alone; but don't doubt or dispute because you are puzzled. We can help you in whatever you are capable of doing well; and *you had better not try to do anything else*. Faithfully yours, John Ruskin."

Now that last sentence has puzzled me ever since, and I have doubted and disputed it often, Mr. Ruskin's advice notwithstanding. At the very time it came to me I was engaged in trying to muster enough mathematics to take a degree with. I was not capable of doing them well, but nobody ever encouraged me to give them up and stick to the things I could do better. Our professors, on the contrary, used constantly to tell us that the painful discipline of having to do what we do not like to do is at least as valuable as doing that which causes us no trouble at all. At the risk of being too biographical, let me add one further circumstance. Almost at the very time I am speaking of, two of us dropped in one day at the consulting-room of a phrenologist. He had a fatherly way with him; and before he began to experiment upon us he read us a lecture—the wiseacre that he was!—on the duty of cultivating those aptitudes and faculties that were as yet imperfectly developed. "All men," he

said, "were too apt to specialise and run their particular hobbies to death, and hence they never became well-developed, all-round characters." His advice on the whole was not to trouble about the things we were already capable of doing well, but to attempt those things that came less naturally and easily to us.

Now I do not mention these facts with the view of playing off Mr. Ruskin against the phrenologist: that would be unfair to both; but the two apparently contradictory assertions present to us two ideals of life which men to-day are endeavouring to reconcile. The men who succeed best, and perhaps do on the whole the best work in life, are the men who specialise, and who very frequently have hardly an idea outside their favourite study. The men who are the more generally interesting, and who can be trusted to take the more catholic and statesmanlike views of life, are those whose interests are manifold, and who have been sincere disciples of the best teachers in many schools. It is decidedly difficult to pronounce judgment on the comparative merits of the two schools. Take, for instance, political life. Most reforms have owed their initiation and subsequent success, not to statesmen of large and vague benevolence, whose sympathies were spread over the whole field of philanthropy, but to men of one idea. They were narrow, groovy men sometimes, and apart from their own hobby-horse could see no virtues in the equine breed. The whole machinery of politics existed for their special programme; and they either, like the importunate widow, wore down the resisting power of their opponents, or else converted antipathies into sympathies by force of argument. In such men undoubtedly devotion to one special form of philanthropy savours of fanaticism. Their very narrowness, however, seemed to be favourable to their intensity; and driving away day after day and year after year at one particular nail, they finally drove it in. Their work in life was at any rate satisfactorily done. They did what they were "capable of doing well," and they did "not try to do anything else."

But this raises, as you see, a question of very great importance for us all. It is evidently true that our work in life may gain, at *our* expense. That is to say, we may be the losers in character and soul even though by our concentration we produce a deeper result. A business man who sticks to his business early and late, and leaves himself no time either for the relaxation of home or the pursuit of general culture, may achieve more practical results in the commercial world than

his neighbour who divides his life among more numerous interests. But after all, as Mr. Drummond says, work exists for the workman's sake; and the question we have to ask is, Which of these two becomes the better man, grows the larger and nobler soul? There is no modern question that needs to be faced more earnestly than this one, especially by young men. In your early business life the problem is simple: you have your appointed business hours, and it is your duty to work at your business with all your powers. In not many cases can employes look after their appointed work and, like Livingstone, master some book at the same time. But when your life becomes one of greater independence and you are more your own master, the question how far you are justified in allowing your business to absorb all your thought and energy will present itself for consideration. You will remember then that you have other faculties that must not be starved. You owe it to yourself, and to the God who made you what you are, to pursue the culture of your soul.

There is a criticism of Mr. Ruskin's in regard to painting which is capable of a wider application, and throws light on the problem we are discussing. He says, "The joy of every painter by which he is made *narrow* is also the gift by which he is made delightful, so long as he is modest in the thought of his distinction from others, and no less severe in the indulgence than careful in the cultivation of his proper instincts." Every painter, he goes on to say, is "to find in his distinctness his glory and his use"; but he will destroy himself "in demanding that all men should stand within his compass or see through his colour." This is a very true and subtle criticism. It encourages us to recognise that our special gifts are the means God has given us of contributing most to the general pleasure and profit; but it recommends us, as the wisest discipline, to be "severe in the indulgence" of them. And, above all, we are never to demand that all men should stand within our com-

pass; for that is the root of bigotry and all uncharitableness. If we have an eye for good painting and no ear for good music, that is no reason why we should call the musicians names. We may rejoice in our qualities, but none the less we ought to be conscious of our deficiencies.

In such an ideal there is room for the careful and abundant cultivation of our special gifts, and at the same time for such a healthy and catholic interest in this manifold life of ours as shall enable us to enter sympathetically into the pursuits and studies of our fellows. The advice of the Proverbs to parents is, "Train up a child *according to his way*," which seems to mean, according to his bent or taste, and the assurance follows that when he is old he will not depart from it. This may be taken as an authoritative approbation of specialising. Along this special line, a man is justified in seeking the main interest and pursuit of his existence. This is the "*narrow way that leadeth unto life*" for him. But he must never forget that the vice of the specialist has always been a lack of sympathy, joined to a misleading partiality of view and frequently an abnormal self-conceit. The surest protection against insularity is travel. The narrow bigotry that sometimes passes for patriotism is as detestable as the spirit of indifference to one's own country which sometimes passes for cosmopolitanism. Even so we must travel beyond our own province of thought and activity if we are to get a wholesome idea of the catholicity of the Divine Spirit and the vastness of the field that is subject to His culture. We find then that this soil of humanity is infinitely varied, and that God uses its special virtues to grow special fruits. The more we attain to know God and the more we become one with the infinite Charity, the more we shall find that all life is good and all life is precious, while humbly rejoicing in any special fruit which He permits us to contribute to the spiritual harvest for which He ever works and waits.

*** OUR trips to Switzerland will be continued until September 14th, and parties will leave London every Tuesday and Friday. The cost of a twelve days' tour, including the second-class return ticket and full hotel accommodation, will be £10 10s. 0d. All tickets will be available to return any time within forty-five days. Further particulars can be obtained by sending a stamped and addressed envelope to Mr. F. A. Atkins, 2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.

THERE is an illustrated article on "Dr. Parker at Home," in *The Home Messenger* for September. Mr. Silas K. Hocking continues his bright, chatty paper on "How to make Happy Homes"; Dr.

A. T. Schofield writes on "Children at School" and Dr. Culross has a very suggestive article on "The Spiritual Value of the Collection." There are many other attractive features, and the illustrations are unusually good this month. Altogether this is a very liberal pennyworth.

CENSURE and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you unless you be wanting in character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

To a selfish man there is no heaven. To a self-sacrificing man there is no hell.—REV. DR. FAIRBAIRN.

THE NOVELIST OF THE SEA.

A CHAT WITH MR. CLARK RUSSELL.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL no longer lives by the sea. As regards physical health he has fallen upon evil times, and the nature of his affliction—rheumatic gout—rendered removal from the coast to a place of warmer and drier air quite imperative. The ancient city of Bath was chosen for him by his medical advisers, and thus it comes about that the author of *The Wreck of the*

but I often think how much worse it would have been if I had not previously found my vocation, so to speak, in novel writing. It is about the only possible occupation to me. I dictate everything to my son—all that I can do with the pen is to sign my name, and that with difficulty. But if I close my eyes and lay back in my chair I can form better mental pictures, I



[From a Photo by
A. F. FERRES, Bath.]

MR. CLARK RUSSELL AND HIS CHAIRMAN.

Grosvenor and a dozen other bracing narratives is to be found on his invalid couch in a house but a few doors from that occupied by Jane Austen when writing *Persuasion*. No. 9, Sydney Place, a row of houses of the stately and old-fashioned kind so numerous in Bath, is Mr. Clark Russell's residence; No. 5 is associated with the memories of the most brilliant English woman-novelist.

Mr. Clark Russell bears the affliction which has deprived him of the use of his legs with great patience and fortitude. "It is a terrible thing," he remarks, when I have seated myself by his side, "not to be able to use one's legs,

think, of scenes and characters, than if I had the pen in my hand and the paper before me."

"When did your misfortune occur, Mr. Russell?"

"Oh, some years ago now. It was the result, I think, of going to sea when little more than thirteen years of age. For two years at Newcastle I worked very hard, writing a leading article every day for Mr. Joseph Cowen's paper, and sending three or four articles a week to a London daily paper. Then I went to live at Ramsgate, but the moist sea air there was said to be unsuitable and to have served to develop my complaint. It was at Ramsgate, by the way, that

the thought of making literary use of my sea experiences first occurred to me. There was a seaman I used to meet on the pier, a genuine old salt who had all kinds of yarns to tell. He and I had many a talk together, and the end of it was, I began to write the novel which is called *John Holdsworth*. During the time I was on the press I never wrote on any other subject but the sea and its concerns, notwithstanding the efforts of the Editors sometimes to induce me to do so. For instance, I remember one day going to the office when no nautical topic presented itself, and a gentleman endeavoured to persuade me that 'sponges' could be described. I protested strongly, however, that I knew nothing whatever about sponges, even though they did come from the sea, and the gentleman, who is one of the kindest and most courteous of men, gave up the point."

"You have had to give up your work for the press?"

"Yes, I found it impossible when my health gave way to respond to telegrams, asking for an article in a few hours' time. Besides, it would have interfered with the writing of my novels. For this reason I do not often write short stories. So far from giving one relaxation, they would require from me almost as much effort as volume novels, and would disturb the current of my work on the book which I had in hand."

Then I learned something of Mr. Clark Russell's methods as a novelist. In reply to my question on the subject, he handed me the large note-book which lay on the table by his side. It contained several pages of notes relating to his new novel. There were the various scenes on sea and land described in detail; the names of the several characters were set forth, with a few short succinct words to describe their distinguishing physical characteristics.

"I have been told," he said, "that I prepare my books more methodically than any other novelist. Certainly, I have everything written down here before beginning the first chapter—an abstract of the story I am to tell, the name and all particulars as to tonnage, crew, etc., of the ship to which it is to relate, the character and personal appearance of every one of her officers and passengers. For each important character, by the way, I generally call to mind some one whom I have known during my life. It is not in any sense a portrait; it is rather an imaginative picture as painted by an artist who must, nevertheless, have models to sit to him for the figures on the canvas. For instance, in the novel I am now writing, one of the characters is the captain of the ship on which I last served—whose tyrannical overbearing way led to my giving up the sea——"

"Will you tell me the story, Mr. Russell?"

"Well, you must know that I went to sea as a midshipman on a sailing line to Australia. Midshipmen we were called, and the title no doubt flattered our vanity, but apprentices would have been a better term; for, although heavy premiums had been paid—if I remember rightly, the cost amounted to 100 guineas for three years—we had to do such work as scrubbing down the decks. Moreover, practically nothing in the way of navigation was taught us. I was getting rather disgusted, when one day an incident occurred which decided me. I had been washing down the deck with a scrubbing-brush and was looking for the batten of a hencoop which had to be replaced, and which somehow or other had disappeared. At that moment the commander came along, and in his harsh, stern voice, asked what I was doing there. It was his peculiarity, I remember, to always wear a high silk hat on board ship, at all times and in all weathers. I replied that I was looking for the batten. Then he exclaimed angrily, 'What do you mean, sir, by losing it? Go forward and find it at once, sir.' I went forward, but it could not be found, and when I returned Captain—so bullied me that I made up my mind to leave the ship. I tried to point out that my father had not paid money for me to wash down the deck, but to learn seamanship. He wouldn't listen to me, however, and it ended by my being sent to my cabin, which meant that I should do no more work on the voyage and should leave the ship when she arrived home. I remember another midshipman coming into my cabin, in breathless excitement, exclaiming, 'I've struck too. By Jove, I never thought I should have had the pluck.' And that's how my sea career ended, leaving me with a strong conviction as to the injustice of life afloat."

Lest any readers should hastily suppose from the circumstances thus frankly related that the author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* did not make a good sailor, I must add—what Mr. Russell did not tell me—that more than one of his "discharge notes" testified to his excellent character and abilities.

"How long were you at sea altogether?"

"About seven years. I made several voyages to Australia, one to Calcutta, and one to China. I went to China in consequence of the outbreak of the second war—in '61, was it not?—our ship being required by the Government for the conveyance of troops. I remember we were four months on the voyage—it took us a fortnight to get down Channel. Just fancy, a fortnight beating down Channel!"

"And what did you do when you gave up the sea?"

"Well, I tried my hand at one or two things. I went into a bank for a short time. Then I

was placed in the office of Lloyds with a view to my becoming a stockbroker. But that didn't answer. On my return home in the evening my father would ask me what consols were, whether railway stock had risen or fallen, and so forth; but I cared nothing for these things. So I left the city, and went to stay for a time at Deal, where, at the age of about twenty-one, I wrote my first work, a tragedy which I called *Fra Angelo*. I had my literary taste aroused, when on my voyage home I had nothing to do to pass the time but read. Lying in my bunk I read one or two volumes of the poets, and began writing verses myself. The tragedy was produced at one of the theatres by Walter Montgomery, but it was of course awfully crude, and it was written in blank verse, too!"

"Do you think there has been much improvement in the sailor's life of late years?"

"Not much, I am afraid. On some of the big 'liners' there may be; the men on these boats doubtless get much better food. But the accommodation generally is very little better, I believe; on many steamships the seamen's quarters are probably much less comfortable than the old fo'castle was. But, mind you, in saying this much I am speaking under some reserve; I have formed this impression only from what I have heard and read at second-hand——"

"You have not been to sea since it ceased to be your profession?"

"Only once four or five years ago, when my wife and I took a voyage to the Cape in one of the vessels of the Union line, with the hope that it would be of benefit to me. The hope wasn't realized, and in my state of health I found the voyage rather monotonous. I often think that I should like to get into closer touch with Jack's life as it is to-day, with the great development of steam—all the ships in my novels belong, of course, to the old-fashioned sailing days. By the way, it was this feeling of curiosity which led to an incident the other day that was full of irony for me as an author who has always written on the side of the poor sailor, in sympathy with his grievances and in advocacy of his rights."

Then Mr. Clark Russell related how a man had written him a nice letter from a respectable sailors' home, in which the writer expressed his admiration for the novelist and his gratitude to him for his championship of the cause of the fo'castle. The good, honest salt—as Mr. Clark Russell deemed him—was very anxious to have the pleasure of shaking hands with the author of *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, and accordingly an invitation to call was sent to him. When he appeared at Sydney Place, sad, indeed, was the disillusion. He was "blind drunk"—as the sailor would put it—and having pawned nearly all his clothes, was of very disreputable and

bedraggled appearance. He treated the suffering novelist with great rudeness, and finished up by demanding money under incoherent menaces. Ultimately the aid of the police had to be obtained; but, nevertheless, the sailor—"an unfortunate specimen of the turnpike class," as Mr. Clark Russell put it—was provided with the means of getting to a ship at Cardiff.

"And I had looked forward to a long talk with a grey-haired veteran of the sea, with whom I could compare notes as to the past and present of the sailor's lot," he said pathetically in finishing the story.

"I suppose you supplement your recollections by much reading of nautical literature?"

"To some extent, but I do not refer to books so much as might be supposed. You see, I have dealt only with sailing ships; I have never tried my hand in the management of a steamship. Then as regards the story itself, some scope must, of course, be left to imagination. I have collected rather a large library of books dealing with the sea—a considerable number of them, however, have accumulated in the writing of my monograph on Collingwood, whose portrait, by the way, hangs over there, and 'Nelson' published by the Putnams in the *Heroes of the Nations* series."

"What is your own taste in reading, then, Mr. Russell?"

"My only literary recreation is poetry—Shakespeare and Wordsworth chiefly. I am very fond of Wordsworth—I think his pictures of nature at sea and on land so splendid. Perhaps I am prejudiced in his favour, as my mother was connected by marriage with the Wordsworths. But I am ready to admit that Wordsworth has his weakness as well as strength. For example, *The Excursion*. If I were a magistrate and you were brought before me for some offence, I could inflict no worse punishment on you than to sentence you to read *The Excursion* right through."

"And what about contemporary fiction?"

"I read very little fiction. This is the case, I believe, with most novelists, and I daresay the reason is the same as in my own. When I am reading a novel, I find myself critically considering its machinery, so to speak; one sees the thing too much from the inside—one knows the 'trick' by which every effect is produced—and this spoils the enjoyment. But I can still read *Robinson Crusoe* with zest. There is one great advantage in books to a helpless man like myself. You can call them in and send them away at will—unlike other visitors. Mr. Leigh Hunt—yes, how do you do? very pleasant and well-meaning; but no, we find you tedious to-night—so go away. No offence is given. Mr. William Hazlitt—glad to make your acquaint-

ance; one can admire you very much at times, but I am not in the humour for you just now—so you must get out. Mr. Clark Russell—no, I can have no patience with the prosy, garrulous fellow. We can choose our company just as we would have it, without hurting the feelings of any old friends.”

In such talk an hour or so with Mr. Clark Russell quickly passed away. We smoked all the time, for a pipe is one of his dearest pleasures, and in consideration of this Mrs. Clark Russell and her daughters have become well inured to the aroma of nicotine. The novelist's wife now and again joins in our conversation, and it is a bright remark from her which leads Mr. Clark Russell to explain how it was that he became the novelist of the sea.

“It was William Black, at Sydenham in 1888, who induced me to try my hand with novels of the sea, which should have an interest for the adult rather than the schoolboy, to whom Capt. Marryat and Mayne Reed had

chiefly appealed. When he first suggested it, I objected that it would be impossible to introduce the love interest into a sea novel. He admitted the difficulty, but thought it might be overcome. In after years I set to work to see how it could be overcome; in my first book I felt my way merely. The story was only partly of the sea—no, I shall not tell you its name, because I don't want to see the thing republished. However, the book was successful, and I was encouraged to make the plunge and write a sea novel pure and simple. *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* was a success, and I have been writing sea novels ever since—probably eight or ten all told.”

“I paused, thinking you would want to ask me which I considered the best. A lady—a lady novelist, too—asked me this question the other day. I replied—‘The novel I am now writing.’ It is in this spirit, at any rate, that I begin a new novel—resolved to make it better than any I have yet written.”

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE IDEALS OF YOUTH.

By THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

V.—THE ROVER.

WHERE is the family of any size which has not at least one child hard to be understood? He is restless, careless, always in some mischief or other, and always turning up great, innocent-looking, pitiful eyes, saying he “didn't mean it.” Books are his pet aversion, unless they be of the *Robinson Crusoe* or *Swiss Family Robinson* type, and the hold which these have on him is abundantly, and sometimes painfully proven by sudden and startling war-whoops breaking from him, and by his resorting to war-paint and feathers, in unaccountable, and frequently (from the parents' point of view) exasperating ways. Most likely, too, he runs away from home, and, after much searching, is found in the next parish, hungry and unhappy, glad to be captured and brought back. What predictions are uttered over a boy like that! The dullest can see that one day he will be hanged. Yet, as like as not, the time will come when they shall all be proud of him—after he has discovered what the restless spirit in him signified, and learnt how to put it to its right purpose.

But, in truth, there is something of the romantic spirit in every healthy lad, and even little lassies have sometimes strangely shown the gipsy blood. Most get over it with other juvenile complaints, but some are born to wander, and wander they will. Some of you who read these lines will go off one of these days to be soldiers or sailors,

explorers or travellers, and, please God, some of you will go abroad as missionaries of the Cross. These are grave steps, not so very difficult to take, perhaps, but very hard to retrace. It is worth while asking, then, why you want to go abroad and knock about in the world.

Is it for sight-seeing only? Very good. A little travel is a wondrous widener of men's minds and educator of their spirits. Shakespeare makes one of his characters say, “Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.” But if any slur were implied by this, the poet himself rolls it away. He was no traveller: so far as we know he never passed the bounds of England, yet he, of all men, knew how to take the whole world for his possession, and fathom the deepest secrets of human life.

There is a limit, then, even to the advantages of travel. Human nature is much the same everywhere, and even scenery can come to take upon it something of a common cast. After a certain number of old churches have been seen, a certain number of old castles, old paintings, old monuments and older ruins, then things begin to duplicate themselves, and the pristine freshness vanishes. Thereafter, unless a man has some definite aim which he is seeking to realize in the midst of all the sights and scenes around him, he will grow weary, miserable, and unhappy.

While mere sight-seeing, then, is an adequate motive enough for an excursion, it is not sufficient motive for any one to abandon himself to the roving spirit.

Is it the hope of being able to do better or be better abroad than at home that is beckoning you out? There is virtue in that too, but, like the other, it is of a strictly limited sort. Joseph and the Prodigal both went to the "far country." Their opportunities were similar—or if anything they were more favourable to the Prodigal, for he had capital with him—but yet results were very different with the two. You see—the Prodigal had his centre in self, Joseph had his in God. The one made pleasure his standard, the other duty; and these are starting-points that always lead to opposite ends. It is never *where* you are, but *what* you are, that must determine your failure or success. The cruellest thing in the world is to ship across the seas the lad who is a failure or ne'er-do-weel at home. Of all philosophies that is the queerest which teaches that the one who could not do weel in the midst of all the moral and social safeguards of the home-life would suddenly blossom out with all the virtues of fortitude, integrity, honour and faith, when dropped on a distant shore, with never a loving or a friendly heart to care one straw what he did, or what became of him.

This naturally suggests what I may venture to call the religion of the rover. There is nothing like rough handling for discovering the genuine from the plated article, and there is nothing like knocking about in the world for discovering how much any one's faith stands in God, and how much it stands in churches, ceremonies, and conventional customs generally. The religion of the rover must be genuine or nothing. His opportunities for "stated" worship come seldom and irregularly. The restraints of friendly supervision are cast off, even Christian men and women all too rarely

(more's the pity), when they are encountered, speak of the things that are lying closest at their hearts, and the life of the wanderer must make him acquainted with evils and infamies never dreamt of in the quiet seclusion of the home life. It is the fear of this which presses most heavily on the hearts of parents, when they are forced to say the reluctant "Good-bye!" at last. Yet it is in just such circumstances as these that the strongest, noblest, most helpful faith has been fostered from the days of Abraham in Sodom, downward. That is no genuine religion that cannot thrive in the desert as well as the city, in the garrison or the ship, as in the cloister or the church. Only this requires to be noted—that the religion of the rover must deal more with the great essentials of life than with its gildings and refinements. It has to learn to be shocked and yet keep the heart pitiful; accustom itself more to get at what is meant than stumble at the crude or coarse expression. Many a man—soldier, sailor, miner, stevedore—does a right thing in a rough way, and good folk whose religion runs all to kid gloves and proprieties will raise their delicate hands in horror at what after all may be only a breach of refinement, not a breach of God's commands. The rover must make his creed portable by condensing it into the three great graces—faith, hope, and charity—and have these always about him.

If yours, like Abraham's, is to be the wandering life, then, like him, build your altar wherever you pitch your tent. Never pause to consider how little your influence is on the Philistines round about. Look higher and be true to Him Who has engaged to be with His trusting ones wherever they go, and one day you will learn that your work has been greater than you dreamt or meant, for the Lord Himself has been working with you. All places are places of His dominion.

The Young Woman for September contains an illustrated interview with Mr. F. H. Cowen, the author of *The Better Land*; the concluding chapter of "The Story of my Life," by Miss Willard; a complete, illustrated story; "Letters from the Sunny South," by Mrs. Josephine Butler; an article on George Eliot, by Mr. W. J. Dawson, etc. We would direct the attention of our readers to the programme of the new volume of *The Young Woman*, which we are sending out with our present issue. If they will pass it on to their lady friends, they will render us an invaluable service.

I WANT to live, if God will give me help, such a life that, if all men in the world were living it, this world would be regenerated and saved. I want to live such a life that if that life changed

into new personal peculiarities as it went to different men, but the same life still, if every man were living it, the millennium would be here.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THAT which especially distinguishes a high order of man from a low order of man, that which constitutes both goodness and greatness, is surely not the degree of intelligence with which men pursue their own advantage, but it is disregard of personal pleasure, indulgence, gain, present or remote, because some other line of conduct is more directly right.—FROUDE.

THE solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself.—FROUDE.

MY FIRST SERMON.

VIII.—By DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A.

My first sermon was preached to a Secret Society on a cold winter's night at the beginning of the year 1852, in an upper schoolroom at the rear of the General Baptist Chapel, Nether Street, Beeston, in the county of Nottingham. The room was oblong; it had grown, by two stages, in length, but not in width, until it was as long again as it was broad. Normandy poplars surrounded it, through whose branches the wintry winds often howled terribly. It was placed "amongst the tombs"; so that a visitor on a dark evening was not ashamed to ask for the society of his friends, in order that he might "keep his courage to the sticking-point."

A fire was burning in the grate at the further end of the room, and round it sat four persons, W. B., S. H., T. N., and J. O., all my seniors as well as my friends.

It was a week-night, and the doors were safely locked against profane intruders. Three lighted candles made the darkness visible: one was on the mantel-shelf over the fireplace, for the group of listeners; the other two were placed on what was called the pulpit, at the end of the room furthest from the fire: the pulpit being little more than a rude long box, without a lid and with one side knocked out, and then set on four legs and topped with a piece of wood to serve the purpose of a desk.

In much fear and trembling I entered that pulpit, not terrified by the audience, for the

living figures of which it was composed were scarcely discernible in the gloom, but agitated by feelings of awe and dread—awe in undertaking so responsible a task as that of preaching the word of God, and dread that I should fail in my task. I was too timid to snuff the candles, lest in my nervousness I should repeat the mistake of T. N., who, on a former occasion, had imperilled the seriousness of the service by extinguishing the dim light he so sorely needed. We did not sing, because we met in secret and did not wish to be heard. No one knew of our gathering and its object, except the chapel-keeper, who was solemnly bound to secrecy. Our unconquerable modesty made it impossible for us to tell any one, even our minister; and in those days the scant use made of chapel premises in the week rendered it most unlikely that we should be discovered.

The service started with a brief prayer; then came the reading of Scriptures; this was followed by what was known as "the general prayer"; often so painfully "general" as to be utterly wearisome. After that came the sermon and the benediction. No criticism was heard till we were outside; and then it was given, not only in genuine kindness, but mostly without being heard by any one save the preacher. The meeting was not of a "class" for hearing and criticising sermons, but for a service, conducted with all the gravity and earnestness of the Sunday public worship in the adjoining building.

The text of my first sermon was significant in many ways. It was Psalm xxxi. 19: "Oh how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that put their trust in Thee before the sons of men!" What optimism shines through that inspiring outburst! What breadth of view! How cheerful and sustaining its judgment of the present! How exultant its outlook! How grateful for the enriching past! I have often thought since, that the text selected



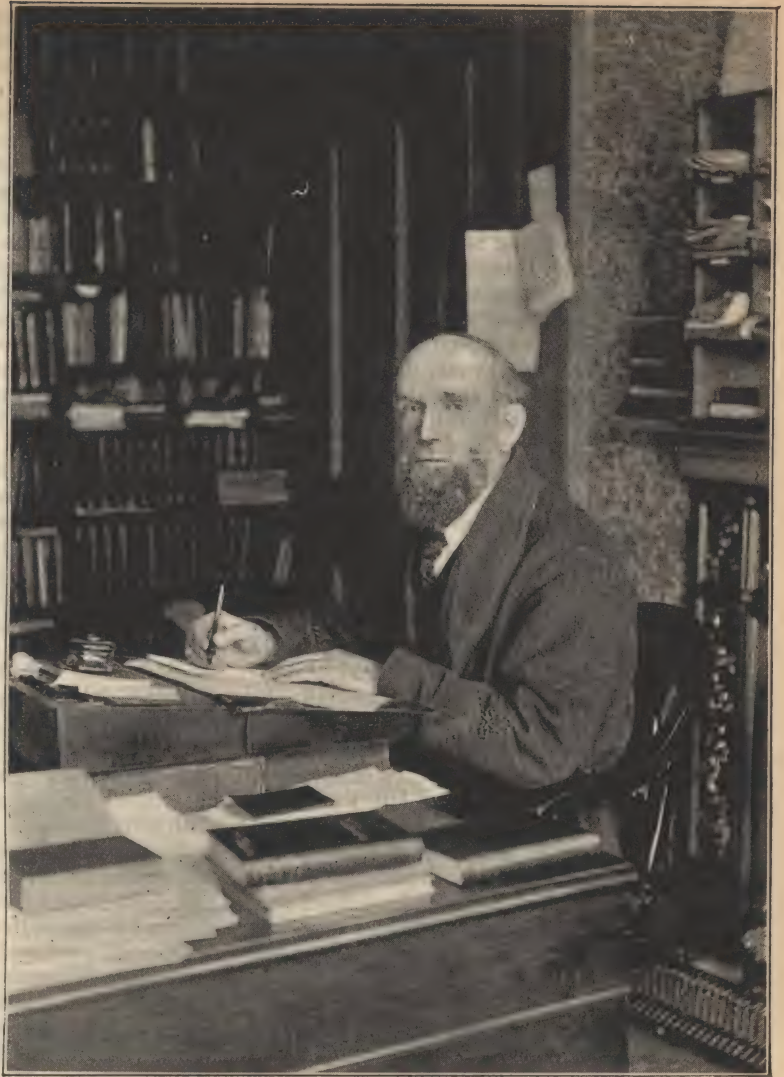
DR. CLIFFORD'S DINING-ROOM.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MARTIN & SALLNOW, 410, Strand, W.C.]

by me when I was only a little over fifteen years of age was prophetic of the optimism of which I have been so often accused, and in which I rejoice still, with unwithered faith and unrelaxed grip. The sermon was written, and I read it without adding, so far as I remember, a solitary word; for I was in fear of the disaster that might befall me, if by any chance I once lost the run of my written composition. The ground covered could hardly be narrow; for when a youth has little to say, it is not only wise but necessary to take a wide field. I did. Indeed, from the beginning I have had a preference for subjects of extensive range, affording "ample room and verge enough" for everything I could wish to say. My deep reverence for the Scriptures, combined with the lesson my mother taught me, that the work of the preacher was to express the *real meaning* of the Word of God, has always kept me from the perilous practice of taking "snippets" of the Bible and using them as mere "motto"

texts. The subject of my sermon was "God's provisions for believing men." There were four divisions, very obvious and very simple, and not a little crude: (1) God's goodness stored in Creation, (2) in Providence, (3) in Redemption, and (4) in Heaven; each division ending with the text, and the whole finishing with a reference to the good fortune of men who fear God and put their trust in Him before their fellows.

My Sunday School teacher had given me Dr. Thomas Dicks' *Christian Philosopher*, published by William Collins; at that date a wonderful book, and quite a revelation to me, and the first division of my sermon contained abundant proof that I was greatly indebted to the contents of Dr. Dicks' famous work. An-



DR. CLIFFORD AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MARTIN & SALLNOW, 416, Strand, W.C.]

other book I had read in part—it had been lent me—*The History of Redemption*, by Jonathan Edwards, and it was laid under contribution for the second and third parts. On the fourth division I knew, or thought I knew, more than I do now. How poor and feeble that sermon was, I need not say. I was not half-way through my sixteenth year. I had left school before I was eleven, and had worked in the lace factory, when the Factory Acts were not yet applied. To be sure, I had sought knowledge early and late, from books and from men, in the street and in the fields; but I am appalled at the crudities of these first efforts, and surprised that the "Secret Society" should have arranged for me soon afterwards to speak at the Young People's Prayer-meetings held on Sun-

day evenings before the usual service. This I regarded as a favourable verdict on my first sermon, and complied at once with their request.

It is hardly astonishing that we could not keep the doings of our Society to ourselves. Our minister, the Rev. R. J. Pike, the son of the author of *Persuasive to Early Piety*, found us out, and asked me some questions which compelled the disclosure of our objects and methods. Then he asked me to write a sermon for him. I essayed the task, and wrote on "The leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." Having sent the sermon to him, I was invited to see him and talk it over with him. I went, and at length he suggested that, along with T. N., I should join the band of Local Preachers for the Nottingham district.

But in 1854, however it may be in 1894, our churches regarded a minister of the New Testament as created and sent by God, straight from heaven to the people; and what the church had to do was to discover him, and then to accredit him for his work. No young man, however gifted and earnest, would think of *going out* as a preacher without the "authority" of the church; and, so far as I recollect, no Local Preachers' Association would take him. God spoke through the church, therefore the candidate must preach *before the church*. This was a severe ordeal, but accepted as part of the nature of spiritual things. What must I do? I felt I must go back on my *first* sermon, and preach it again. It was only known to the favoured four. Why not re-write it? I re-made it: and re-made it on my feet as I walked by the side of the Trent flowing under the waving woods and romantic heights of Clifton, or as I strolled along the sides of the "spinney" at the other end of the village, cheered by the birds warbling in the trees. T. N. was to preach his "trial sermon" on the same evening. He was my senior by four or five years, and with a daring of which I could not even dream, took for his text, "By the life of Pharaoh, ye are spies." But neither he nor I failed to obtain a favourable verdict. The church gave its sanction, on February 19th, 1854, to both of us to preach the Gospel. An aged "mother in Israel" urged, so I was told, amongst other reasons, "He'll do; he's got preaching blood in him." Possibly my premature development as a preacher is partly accounted for by the fact that on my mother's side I came of a preaching stock. There were traditions in my family of a young preacher—the Rev. Silas Stenson, of Retford, who died, I think, at 33 years of age, a severe, strenuous saintly soul. I had two uncles in the ministry, and my mother and grandmother never wearied of talking to me about them and their work. And, therefore, no sooner was I "converted" than the preaching passion took hold of me and swayed me.

"Warranted genuine" by the church of which I was a member, I was permitted to see, not my whole name in print (that was not allowed, for a local preacher was placed on his trial for six months), but my initials, on the list of the preachers of the Nottingham Local Preachers' Association, and I soon received my first appointment. It was at the village of Stapleford, distant a little more than three miles from Beeston. I was but a lad, with only slender experiences of rural life, and therefore it was with uncommon tremor that I undertook my journey on a beautiful summer Sunday afternoon to preach to a public and unknown assembly.

The small room, located in an out-of-the-way back yard, reached by means of a back street, is photographed in distinct lines on my memory. The woodwork answering the purpose of a pulpit is in one corner, and when the preacher is in it, the ceiling is so conveniently near that he may use it as a "white" board and score upon it his illustrations, if he has nerve and skill enough. Forms without backs sustain the bodies of some twenty adults; and other forms of like sort are placed to render a similar office for about two score of shift, fidgetty children. The singing is hearty, strong—even vehement—and not overdone with the marks of artistic culture. A good ringing "Amen" breaks the monotony of the one-voiced prayer, and fires the timid speaker with new courage. The sermon is on "Faith without works is dead." It is fully written out, and is as fully read. There is no looking round the little room on the part of the speaker, no eye for the audience; the steadfast gaze is on the manuscript; and great is the relief when, in a hot perspiration, he utters the customary "Amen," and proceeds to announce the hymn which is to conclude the service.

The sermon was heard in quietness by the patient people. How much we ministers owe to the good folks who listened—or went to sleep—as we gave vent to our slender reading, inexperience, and ambition! I summon hundreds of faces, whose owners dwelt in the villages round Nottingham, before me as I sit in my study to-day; and as I think of you all, many having gone over to the majority, others still here, I express my heartfelt thanks to you, and marvel that I should ever have had the temerity to open my lips before you.

To some the method by which a youth found his way in the "fifties" to a pastorate amongst the Free Churches will appear cumbersome, circuitous, strange; but it has its defence,—it casts all on God. It lays the stress on the evidences of a specific call to a specific work, but it sifts the evidence in a common-sense way, testing the capabilities of the man for ministering the word of God to the churches. It asks for the conviction of a

Divine mandate for preaching; but it examines the man, patiently and kindly judging him by his spiritual experience, his capacity for interpreting life, and his character. Dr. Lydius, at the Synod of Dort, defended this early preaching on the grounds that it dismissed the "sub-rustic shamefastness" of some men, and that it gave primary importance to the inward call.

When I think what a completely blissful life I have had in my one pastorate of thirty-six years; what joy in spite of many humiliations and self-rebukes—a joy never so pure

and sweet as when working for the people God has given me; I am grateful beyond expression to the village church that reared me, commended my first sermon, and at length sent me to College with its benediction. In view of that experience, I say to any young men with a conviction growing in them that they ought to give themselves to the ministry of the Word, "Shrink not from the Free Church ministry. The post is onerous and responsible, but the work of preaching the gospel of Jesus is blessed in degrees unspeakable and full of the Divine glory."

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE.

By COMPTON READE.

It is now ten years since an author of extraordinary individuality was called away from the scene of his triumphs and sorrows; and nearly seven years since a memoir from my pen was issued with the design of telling the truth, and the *whole* truth also, so far as the environment of circumstance permitted.

Immediately I was roughly assailed by persons styling themselves Charles Reade's most intimate friends, the alleged intimacy in reality detracting from the character, or at least from the intellect, of a great author. Eagles do not mate with doves; lofty thinkers with small minds; men of noble ambitions with others of sordid aims. In the servants' hall the valet may boast himself the confidant of the aristocrat; in the stable the groom may claim to have shared the secrets of his master. Neither valet nor groom, however, as yet have had the effrontery to rush into print, but rest content with the ignorant admiration of their own limited circle.

So far as I am concerned personally, the rudenesses of gentry essaying to sail into celebrity under the wing of a superior, who, being dead, could hardly repudiate them, signify nothing. I was his nephew; for a quarter of a century I was a foundation member of the college, whereof for nearly double that period he was a Fellow; he had availed himself occasionally of my humble aid in the slow process of building superb monuments of fiction. To my ear in the solitude of his college rooms, ere ever his name was known beyond the confines of Oxford, he poured forth scenes from his earliest novel and earliest drama. We had ridden and walked leagues together, fished, boated, shot, cricketed, sung, danced. Surely I of all men had a right to utter!

When, however, in order to belittle my obscure individuality, these people proceeded to manipulate fact on the lines of their inner consciousness, I felt that silence was no longer golden. At the

same time it was, and is, difficult to drop the veil. There are few who can form an idea of the exact measure of this strange, this brilliant man, whom no one could fathom, no one could comprehend. His first collaborator, Tom Taylor, dubbed him, rather coarsely, "an odd fish!" Trollope defined him as "almost a genius"; the late Editor of *The Illustrated London News* as "half aristocrat, half Bohemian." To put it in plain terms, a mystery encircled Charles Reade.

What that was may never be divulged. My business is, not to plunge into the secrets of the microcosm, but to vindicate a great name from the benevolent aspersions of its parasites.

To do so briefly, I must begin at the beginning.

The son is usually the child of his mother. Analysts of the hereditary principle seem agreed that Shakespeare derived his marvellous ideality from the Ardens. Mr. Swinburne, in respect of moulding, is an Ashburnham rather than a Swinburne. When the sublime apostle wished to stereotype the *indole* of his most promising convert, he referred back to his grandmother Lois, and his mother Eunice. The mighty Augustine reproduced in a superlative degree the moral majesty of Monica. So Charles, son of John Reade, inherited the characteristics of his mother, a staunch Puritan, yet the daughter of that sturdy Major Scott, who, as advocate of Warren Hastings, wrestled with Edmund Burke in the House of Commons, to prove that black was white, having himself previously earned a notoriety in India by an abortive attempt to suppress Christian missions!

That mother at the close of the last century had passed through a spiritual experience. Her prophet was one of John Wesley's disciples, a grand, if homely, witness, who, though he adhered to the Church, followed his master's canon: "All the world is my parish!" Declining preferment, even when pressed upon him by loving

friends, he lived and died a missionary, ere ever the term was invented. His neophyte felt, like a true mother, that her parish was her family, and for the soul of each that good woman watched; for none more ardently than that of Charles, with the result that on the threshold of manhood he too was accorded a spiritual experience, and became conscious of a force external, yet communicable, to the soul.

It is necessary, with the view of elucidating a complex character, to insist on this preamble. You teach a boy to swim. Then he goes to sea, and is wrecked, or falls overboard, or encounters otherwise perils of waters. He may, like St. Paul, be a night and a day in the deep, yet can swim. He has acquired the secret of salvation.

To be frank, Charles Reade's voyage lay in deep and troubled waters. If during his student life at Oxford he rubbed shoulders with such mental and moral mammoths as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, James Bowling Mozley, Frederick William Faber, Roundell Palmer, and Robert Lowe; if his tastes were too refined for Bacchanalian orgies, all was not smooth sailing; and when subsequently the income of his fellowship converted the student into the *dolce far niente* man of leisure, and attracted him to what he subsequently termed "that den of lubricity," the theatre, it seemed as though his life would be utterly wasted—indeed, up to a certain point, by his own honest confession, it was wasted. He had been called to the bar, yet never once held a brief; had essayed to write, yet in so desultory and disjointed a fashion that publishers rejected his novels, and managers his dramas. Had he followed the first impulse of religious enthusiasm and essayed to preach, he might have been another Wesley, or at least a Spurgeon. Instead, health and spirits were impaired, and before he reached thirty-five we find him at Malvern for the water cure, a muscular man, whose religious sense had become tepid, and whose mind tottered on the verge of despair. A failure!

In more senses than one. Beneath his father's hospitable roof he had met "an airy fairy Lilian," supremely beautiful, and the offshoot of a family that has attained the highest academic distinction. In our own circle every one knew what his wishes were, and how deeply a tender and profound nature had been stirred to its lowest depths. But he had no private fortune, except some two thousand pounds, and his father's estate was entailed on an elder brother. The law had been a plaything, not a profession, and his fellowship was terminable by marriage. The man's tongue was tied; he never told his love; it was an open secret, yet one crushed under a millstone of reserve.

These details, in essence so delicate as to command privacy, would have remained hidden

beneath the veil of oblivion, but for the disinterested misstatements of the kind friends above alluded to. The most sublime of all Charles Reade's heroes, the most exquisite of his female characters, are contained in his *chef d'œuvre*—*The Cloister and the Hearth*.

In the opening page he aphorises humbly that "fiction is an interpreter." This work of fiction tells his own story. It forms a record, splendidly illuminated, of the author's life-trial.

What, in a word, is the *motif* of the book? Simply this: Gerard takes the vows of a priest. He cannot marry; he ought not to love. But human nature is very human:

Naturam expellas furcā, tamen usque recurrit!

Rare, golden-crowned Margaret, wonderful Margaret, true and tender Margaret, casts upon him the spell of Eros—the "all-conquering power"; but he is outside the pale of humanity by virtue of his priesthood, so he lives, and suffers, and dies.

And Margaret? The author paints her portrait so faithfully, so sweetly! Is there in the whole circle of dramatic narration a softer, more *spirituelle* girl, a more loyal woman? I do not say he copied his model slavishly. To pass a gentle lady through the alembic of stirring fiction in the majority of instances would be to drag her down to the level of a tragedy queen. Such is not Margaret. She preserves the simplicity of ladyhood throughout. The portrait may have been enlarged to suit the exigencies of plot and passion; it has not been dishonoured. May I venture to plead that art has immortalised an ideal creation?

Now for the vindication of the author.

It has been affirmed, with the assurance born of sciolism, that if Gerard, as seems already to have been generally surmised, represented the fellow of Magdalen, to whom marriage was as fatally debarred as to a Roman priest, Margaret must have been the shrewd actress, his house-keeper, his guide, philosopher, and friend.

Here I tread on delicate ground, the more so because an American writer has taken Charles Reade to task in terms of bitter censure. He affirms, on no surer basis than that of acquaintance, that Mrs. Seymour was injured; that Charles Reade ought in common honour to have made her his wife; and that the excellent woman felt herself compromised.

Now all this, and much more, looks like stirring the mud. Fortunately there can be no mud to stir. It is true that the time came when the successful author might have dispensed with the emoluments of a fellowship, but Mrs. Seymour herself so far recognised the incompatibility of such a marriage as to have stated broadly, that a proposal would have met with a positive refusal from her. The bond that united a widow of

mature years to a yet older bachelor-author had many strands, the chief being a common interest in the theatre. She was a woman of some education and exceptional ability. Her sympathy and critical perceptivity simply created her friend's reputation. Powerful beyond his contemporaries, he lacked an essential of success, the capacity for self-revision. This the cool common sense and dramatic instinct of a woman of the world supplied. With a strong grip she toned down his angularities and eliminated his eccentricities. To her special talent I readily concede his rare condensation; to her his striking situations, his dramatic outlines. I desire to render such a mentor the amplest justice, but I cannot truthfully say that Laura Seymour was a wife for the son of Charles Reade's mother. The clever comedian was no Margaret of Sevenbergen. She herself would have laughed the idea to scorn. She does appear in her friend's gallery of portraits—not, however, as pure Margaret, but as penitent Peg Woffington.

Moreover, she was not always a safe adviser. To her and her environment I attribute the one fatal blot on an otherwise unsullied reputation. It was whispered that when Mr. Gladstone, probably the ablest of living critics, took up *A Terrible Temptation*, he read the book up to the point where to all appearance the plot is tending inevitably to as miserable a bathos as ever disfigured a work of art, and promptly threw it down with the verdict, "He has wrecked a reputation!"

Inasmuch as this *motif* was in effect the cause of my uncle's solitary fiasco, it may be permissible to narrate its genesis.

An Oxford acquaintance of mine, Mr. John Williams, scholar of Trinity, chanced to be associated with Canon Teignmouth Shore in the literary department of Messrs. Cassell (Cassell, Petter & Galpin was the style of the firm in the Sixties). Dining with me, he suggested that his firm would be glad of a serial from the pen of Charles Reade, and requested me to open negotiations. I did so. Terms were arranged, and then followed the usual search after a suitable framework.

Now Mrs. Seymour being of the stage, stagey, and withal gifted with a lively sense of humour, hit upon the *rococo* idea of supplying what she was pleased to term a Puritan firm with the style of copy that would thrill its moral sense, and administer an electric shock to myriads of readers. Charles Reade had been writing for a decade so fast and so persistently, that one can hardly wonder at a yawn when fresh labour was pressed upon him, still less that he should have consulted "Seymour," as he called her. That he designed a practical joke on the Puritans of England amounts to an impossible idea; because

the basis of his belief, if not exactly Puritanism, was its corollary, Methodism. It turned out, however, that a *motif* was ready to hand, and the first volume of *A Terrible Temptation* can only be explained by the theory that he availed himself of it, perhaps, with his mentor's embellishments.

The elder branch of Charles Reade's family was a line of baronets, dating from Charles the Second's reign. In the last century a certain Sir John married a wife who proved barren. In default of male heirs, the estates, of considerable value, would have devolved on Charles Reade's father—at the time a child. The baronet fretted. At last the lady was delivered of twins, and afterwards in her husband's will there occurred a proviso, that a certain Mary should enjoy for her separate use a wing of the mansion, with attendance and a carriage and horse. In fine, the tradition went that the twins were supposititious, and this was confirmed by the old lady herself taking the real heir on her knee and ejaculating, "John Reade, I have done you a great injury!"

All of which may be history, or mere fiction, but it served as the basis, not so much of a terrible temptation as of a yet more terrible plot. However artistically wrapped up, the cloven hoof could not be concealed, and after the serial had advanced, Mr. Williams handed the author an ultimatum, either that the stream of narration must be deflected into a different channel, or that the publication would cease. The former alternative was selected, but the rarest skill and most adroit manipulation failed to redeem a fatal error.

A few more years rolled—a very few—and there sat by the bedside of dying Laura Seymour the sorrow-stricken author, trying at the eleventh hour to instil into her that saving Puritanism she had reviled and ridiculed. In the dread presence of death the idols of an empty past were shattered, illusions vanished, and religion itself narrowed to the dimensions of plain fact. To the ingrained Bohemian, I fear, it was all too impalpable; albeit his intense earnestness affected her deeply. Of her sincerity there can be as little doubt as of her large charity to the poor of her profession; and when she breathed her last, his spiritual nature once again uprose on the wings of faith, and thus his dead mother had her reward. She had prayed, and the answer came, "Behold, thy son liveth!"

After the above simple statement of truth, it is to be hoped that the pen of the slanderous parasite may spare the memory of a great, if an imperfect, man. In many respects his soul's note rang to as minor a key as that of Gerard. The loss of a Margaret was irreparable; on the other hand, in middle life he struck up a sort of partnership with a woman of singular capacity, whom I honestly believe to have been indirectly

the architect of his reputation. He owed her gratitude, esteem, consideration; and latterly, as age crept over him, her presence and sympathy became so essential that, although a few years before her decease the partnership by mutual consent was all but dissolved, it revived, and when she was called away, he styled her "Great-heart," and bitterly deplored her loss: for beneath a crust of ice there burned in Charles Reade a very geyser of warm feeling.

There remain two further slanders issued by parasitic affection.

Of these, the one states, without qualification, that in his prime Charles Reade was an agnostic.

The charge is double-barrelled. If the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* rejected Christianity, he was the most consummate hypocrite that ever put pen to paper. The book might fairly be described as the most religious novel in the English language, and throughout those sentiments of devotion and light which impart its tonality are not merely fitted to the characters, but burst in a torrent from the breast of him who wrote them. I will quote, as a sample, but four lines descriptive of the passing of his beautiful Margaret:—

"She turned on him one more sweet look of love and submission, and put her pretty hands together in prayer like a child.

" 'Jesu!'

"This blessed word was her last."

If such be the accents of agnosticism, then the wolf indeed has donned sheep's clothing. People meeting casually a dramatist in a green-room are of all the least capable of plumbing the depths of his soul. This same hypothetical agnostic made it an unvarying custom to spend Sunday afternoon with a maiden sister discuss-

ing Divine truth and drawing water from the wells of salvation.

The second slander is even more acrimonious. It asserts that in his last years Charles Reade suffered from religious melancholia.

Here again I must answer the detractor according to his detraction.

I happen to have a considerable experience of lunacy. Half my time is expended in an endeavour—alas! too often a vain one—to carry consolation where it is most needed—within the four walls of a vast asylum. Now it is an unvarying rule that the victims of religious melancholia lose flesh, and that when the mental balance is regained, the first external symptom is a renewal of wasted tissue. It may be admitted that after the blow which deprived Charles Reade of a happy home in Albert Gate, his form shrunk not a little, but he was suffering from a form of heart disease, and spirits and health equally suffered. Under the loving care of my parents and sisters, within twelve months he began to put on flesh rapidly: and the ministrations of his spiritual adviser, the late Dr. Graham, so far from creating gloom, restored much of his wonted cheerfulness. It was not until his former associates dragged him back, for a brief spell, to the theatre, that his frame shrank to a skeleton. At the last he regretted that miserable episode, which, in fact, reduced his span of life by a decade.

For years I have coveted the opportunity of vindicating the friend and near relative whose voice and pen are silent. *Litera scripta manet*; and some of the mud flung at his fair fame by quasi-admirers and spurious friends ought to be wiped off. In the main, so noble an Englishman needs no apologist. His works do follow him, and in them he, being dead, yet speaketh!

In answer to many inquiries, Mr. Atkins wishes to state that he has severed his connection with the *Christian Commonwealth* after writing a "Young Men's Column" in that journal for nearly ten years. He will resume this column, on Oct. 4th, in the new weekly paper, of which a preliminary announcement is given elsewhere.

THE second volume of *The Young Woman* is now ready, handsomely bound in cloth, price 5s. It makes a capital present. The first volume has long been out of print, and the demand this year will no doubt be greater than ever. Orders can be sent through any bookseller, or direct to the publishers, S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

It is a remarkable fact that nearly all the greatest men have been athletes. Sir Walter Scott was usually robust and physically active, until overtaken by fatal disease. Burns in his

youth was an athlete of no mean powers. Byron, in spite of his deformity, excelled in feats of strength, and prided himself as much upon having swam the Hellespont as upon having written *Childe Harold*. Dickens considered himself at a great disadvantage if compelled to forego his daily ten-mile walk, at four miles an hour, regardless of weather. George Sand preferred to work far into the night, so that she might have more hours of daylight for the walks in the country. Goethe swam, skated, rode, and was passionately fond of all forms of exercise. Humboldt prepared himself for his explorations by systematic exercises to the point of fatigue. Leonardo da Vinci was a devoted equestrian. Wordsworth was an indefatigable pedestrian. Gladstone loses no opportunity for out-of-door exercise; and Bismarck has all his life been fond of sport and exercise.

THE YOUNG REPORTER.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

A GOOD way of getting a footing on the Press is to master shorthand and take a turn at reporting. Many a young man eager to become a journalist spends unprofitable hours writing leaders which he hopes the *Times* will print, or verses which he thinks would suit the *Spectator*. The *Times* does not want him, and the *Spectator* can get on without him. A variety of talents go to the making of a good leader-writer, which the cleverest novice in the world does not and could not possibly possess. He can think about acquiring them while he is attempting a modest beginning as a reporter.

Don't think lightly of the reporter, for he is one of the most useful men on the staff of a daily paper, and the Press could not by any means dispense with him. His services are more valuable at this day than they ever were before, and his status has considerably improved. The work is varied, and has both its pleasures and its excitements. The active and able reporter sees a good deal of life, he gets an insight into affairs, and he rubs shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men. It is his own fault if he does not become a thoroughly smart fellow, and gather experiences of one kind and another which will be for ever useful to him. One is always learning something as a reporter,—but there is the work itself to be learnt first.

A good knowledge of shorthand is, of necessity, the preliminary step. I don't say a perfect knowledge, for nothing but regular practice at the reporters' table can give that. But the merest beginner must be on pretty intimate terms with his Pitman, and have what racing men call a fair turn of speed. You may learn your shorthand at home or in a public class. There are advantages in learning in a class, for the presence of fellow-students acts as a stimulus; but it may be learnt almost as well, if a little more slowly, at home. To practise, and practise, and practise, until the most difficult signs are written as easily as the simplest letters of the alphabet, is absolutely indispensable. Then, if you are working at home, get some one to begin reading to you. Take it slowly at the start. Never let the reader read more quickly than you can write, and don't attempt to put on speed until you can do so without spoiling your hand. Perfect ease and accuracy are of infinitely greater importance than speed at the outset. When you are a little way advanced, take your note-book to church on Sundays, and try your hand on the sermon. Keep your head, and don't worry about a "verbatim report," or anything like it. Catch the

leading words in a sentence, and let the rest go. When you get home, see what you can make of your notes; this will teach you to write nothing that you cannot afterwards decipher.

Now as to the sort of work that will be found for you when you have succeeded in joining a newspaper. This of course will depend to some extent on the paper itself. You would probably, for example, have more and harder work to do on a second-rate provincial journal than on a first-rate London daily. In the provinces you might have to take up at once, or after a very brief probation, duties that belong properly to an experienced verbatim hand. On a well-manned London daily (and many a young fellow contrives to get a footing there at the very outset) the distributor of the reporters' engagements would take account of your inexperience, and you would thus be able to learn your business a step at a time. On the other hand, the better and more go-ahead the paper, the higher the standard that would be expected of you, even in your earliest days.

The whole wide field of public life is the scene of the reporter's occupation. He is one of the chief chroniclers of the world's daily doings. Through him Parliament speaks to the country at large, the preacher addresses an audience far greater than his church will hold, the philanthropist makes his appeal to the charitable, the promoter of financial schemes to the great body of investors, the explorer gives the first taste of his adventures, the populariser of science explains the fairy-like progress of invention and discovery. The reporter, you see, is a quite invaluable person. He is the medium between all sorts of interesting people or bodies and the great mass of mankind; and a well-trained reporting staff is in truth the very backbone of the great daily newspaper.

Until a little experience has been gained, the work is not without its trials. Let us suppose that you are despatched to make a half-column report of the half-yearly meeting of some public company at one of the city hotels. You would have to make an abstract of the printed report, and condense, as your judgment guided you, the speeches of the chairman and others, which, if reported at length, would fill perhaps three columns of your paper. The chairman's speech would contain plenty of figures, which a beginner sometimes finds troublesome to deal with. Follow the speakers as closely as you can, and if you find that they are outstripping your pencil don't attempt to write what you will not afterwards

be able to read, but content yourself with getting down the main points. The young reporter, when he sits down to transcribe his notes at the office, not infrequently finds that in his anxiety to keep up with a rapid speaker he has covered his paper with signs which he is quite incapable of reducing to longhand,—and that is rather awkward for him. But practice makes all this very easy, and you will see old hands at the reporters' table jotting down the figures and principal facts of a long and intricate speech, and, on another slip of paper, transcribing their notes while the speech is in progress; so that when the meeting is over they will have their report completed and ready to hand in to the sub-editor, without the time and labour of transcribing at the office. This is a knack which, if you were engaged on a provincial paper, where you might have three or four meetings to report in a day, you would soon be compelled to acquire. On the good London dailies one engagement a day is the general rule.

At whatever rate of speed you may be able to write in the commencement, you will do well to remember that the verbatim power must be attained before you can regard yourself as a competent shorthand reporter. The number of speakers who are reported verbatim is, it is true, very small; but the need of taking down half a dozen or a dozen sentences word for word, as they are spoken, may arise at any moment. Moreover, until you are able to follow the most rapid speakers with a considerable degree of ease, you will never feel thorough confidence in yourself. This, to a large extent, is a merely mechanical aptitude, and practice makes perfect the very slowest beginner.

While gaining the power to write easily and clearly at the highest rate of speed, the young reporter must learn to use his judgment. It is a more than mechanical art to be able to give, in from twenty to fifty lines of print, a bright and pointed summary of a speech or a sermon that may have occupied from half an hour to three-quarters in the delivery, and to put into something like literary shape a long and rambling statement on a matter of general interest. Speeches in the House of Commons and elsewhere

are not always spoken quite as nicely and correctly as they read in the *Times* reports. To be able to pen a decent paragraph is very necessary to the reporter who aims at being something worthier than a machine capable of taking down so many words per minute. Such functions as the opening of bazaars, the laying of foundation stones, a royal progress through the streets, the reception of some public personage, a ceremony of presentation, a great trial, a trooping of colours, or a Lord Mayor's Show—all of which fall easily within the reporter's province—are so many opportunities for him to show that his calling is by no means wholly a mechanical one. "Reporter's English" has been too long an expression of reproach, and certainly it is applied with less justice now than was formerly the case, a fact to which the columns of the London dailies, on the morning after some famous public function, bear ample and excellent witness. The reporter may settle down into a mere drudge of the stylus, aspiring to no more than complete facility in shorthand, but he may also rise to the highest positions which the Press offers to ambitious talent. As it is, somewhat too sharp a division is made between the supposed duties of the stenographer and of the descriptive writer. The descriptive writer on the daily press cannot always easily dispense with shorthand, and the shorthand writer can never quite dispense with description.

One other point. At all times and in all places the reporter must have his full wits about him, and must be prepared always to make the best of the situation. His work has often to be done at a disadvantage. He must make the best he can of a speaker who is barely audible, he must be quite equal to taking down his notes on the back of his hat, wedged upright in a heaving crowd. He must sometimes know how to baffle the police, to cajole or outwit a disobliging secretary, to practise his power of persuasion on a telegraph clerk, or even to bribe the guard or driver of a railway train. And let him never forget that a word incautiously set down, a sentence imperfectly caught, or a single sign incorrectly transcribed, may involve his editor in an action for libel.

HABIT DETERMINES CHARACTER.—Professor William James, of Harvard, in his text-book on psychology, says:—Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time." Well, he may not count it, and a

kind heaven may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up, to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course, this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres by so many separate acts and hours of work.

DOCTOR DICK: A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

*Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail,"
"Her Benny," etc.*

CHAPTER XII.

A GREAT CHANGE.

THE search was carried on almost night and day for a whole week. Every "shoading" pit was looked into, every pool dragged, and nearly every shaft explored, but without result; not a trace or sign of Irene Revill could be found in any direction. Trevanion at first seemed like a man demented. He did not talk much, but his face grew haggard and old in a single night, while his eyes blazed with a fire that made Miss Tabitha—so she said—feel quite creepy. On the second day he persisted in joining in the search. The doctor declared he was not fit to leave the house, and Miss Tabitha begged him to stay quietly indoors, but he was not to be persuaded. To sit still he felt was impossible; and as for running risks, that did not trouble him at all. Indeed, he would have been glad to die. He never knew how much he loved Irene till she was gone, never felt how essential she was to him. For six crowded and eventful months she had been his good angel, his inspiration and hope. He realized now how thoughts of her had woven themselves into the very texture of his life. His love of her had been his stay and strength. Away from his old self he had been slowly drawn by the strong magnet of her loveliness and purity. Out of the quagmire she had led him with her firm, strong hand, and now just when he was gaining the solid ground the hand had been removed, and he was left alone, bewildered and almost in despair.

He had no real hope of finding her alive from the first, but he did expect that her body would be discovered. His supposition was that she had attempted a nearer way home across the downs, that in the wind and rain she had got bewildered and exhausted, that she had fallen into some prospecting pit, or perhaps into some disused shaft, and so had perished before help could possibly reach her. Of course, if she had fallen into a disused shaft, she might never be heard of again. Into their dark recesses no one ever penetrated, while in most instances there were many fathoms of water at the bottom.

After a week the search was given up. But Trevanion still continued to prowl about the neighbourhood from morning till night. Every ditch and hollow, and bramble-covered corner, he prodded with his stick, and examined with the

greatest care. But at length he too gave up the search, and returned weary and dispirited to the home that had been as heaven to him during the last three months. Miss Tabitha met him at the door as she usually did, but she forbore to ask him any questions. His face told her all she wanted to know.

After tea, however, when he had settled himself before the fire, he opened the conversation:—

"I am going to work again on Monday morning," he said. "Captain Tom has found me lodgings in the village, and until I get back my usual strength I am to 'watch the Stamps.' I think I shall be able to manage it without very much difficulty, though I wish it had been something that would keep my thoughts more fully employed."

"Do you say he has secured lodgings for you?" Miss Tabitha asked after a pause.

"Yes; he was on the look-out when I was hurt."

Miss Tabitha's lips twitched nervously, and she shifted herself uneasily in her chair.

"I shall feel very lonely," she said at length. "But of course you cannot remain idle. But I had thought—that is, it had occurred to me if— But never mind now. This terrible trouble about Irene has upset everything;" and she burst into tears.

For awhile neither of them spoke again. Trevanion kept staring into the fire with a hopeless, absent look in his eyes and a tremulous movement of the lips. Then he looked up suddenly.

"Would you mind telling me something about Miss Revill?" he said.

"Telling you something?"

"Yes; would you mind telling me who she was, where she came from, and all that. You know she has been a great puzzle to the St. Ural folks, and her sudden disappearance will add to the mystery."

"Yes, I daresay; but the women in St. Ural are so terribly inquisitive."

"Don't tell me if you don't wish to," he said quickly.

"Oh, I don't mind telling *you* in the least, for really you have seemed to show no curiosity at all."

"I have been very curious, nevertheless," he said.

"Have you! Well, that is strange. But really there is very little to tell. I heard of her last year

through a friend of mine in London, who was staying with me. I wanted a companion, some one who was cheerful, and accomplished, and ladylike; and this friend of mine suddenly remembered a friend of hers, a clergyman's wife in Lancashire, who had been staying with her, speaking of a young lady, an orphan, who wanted such a situation. That is how I got to hear of her, and how she got here."

"And that is all you know about her?"

"Practically all. It seems that her father died a little more than a year ago. Her mother died some years before. Her father was a manufacturer, and was supposed to be very rich. Anyhow they lived in a large house, I have learned, and in good style up to the time of his death. When the estate, however, came to be wound up, it was discovered that he had nothing. All the property was mortgaged up to the very hilt, and she was left penniless."

"But had she no guardians?"

"I think so. As far as I have been able to make out, a friend of her father, a solicitor, was sole executor, and guardian, but I never could get her to talk about him."

"Did she correspond with him?"

"No; she corresponded with no one."

"And had she no relatives?"

"I think not. Indeed, I believe she was absolutely alone in the world."

"Excuse me asking all these questions, but I have been wondering whether there was anything in her past life that would account in any way for her sudden disappearance."

"I have thought of all that," Miss Tabitha answered, wiping her eyes. "But, alas! there is no hope in that direction. Where would she go to after six o'clock at night? Why, she even went out without her purse. Bless her! she meant to be home to tea, there can be no doubt. She loved me too well to cause me a moment's anxiety, and I am sure I loved her as if she were my own child. Oh, Mr. Trevanion, I never knew a sweeter girl! She seemed to carry heaven about her wherever she went. And now she is in heaven, there can be no doubt of that."

Trevanion made no reply. He began to stare into the fire again, and to picture the sweet girlish face, that had been to him not only a joy, but a revelation also.

How her words came back to him again!

"You have had a vision of God." And verily had not God revealed Himself through His creature? Had she not been to him God's Providence in the hour of his greatest weakness and need?

He felt that he would never doubt again as he had doubted in the past, and love and faith would make him strong.

On Monday morning he said good-bye to Miss

Tabitha and to Ivyholme. For one reason he was not sorry to get away. While he remained there, everything reminded him of Irene; and since she would never come back, it could never be the same again.

Miss Tabitha displayed considerable emotion, and begged him not to thank her. "I've only done my duty," she said. "I knew your father, and it has been a pleasure to help his son."

"Ah, if I were only like him!" he said regretfully.

"You may be a great deal better if you try," she answered quickly.

He looked up at her in surprise.

"I mean what I say," she went on. "You have the makings of a splendid man in you, if you will only do your best. But if——"

"If I play the fool," he suggested.

"Yes, if you play the fool, and fling away your chance, nothing can save you."

"I have done that already," he answered with downcast eyes.

"Not every chance, lad, not every chance. I shall be very anxious about you. You are going out into temptation again; it is necessary for you that you should go. But don't lose heart."

"I will try not to," he answered.

"I shall keep my eye on you," she said half-jocularly; then more seriously, "And perhaps Irene will be looking down upon you from heaven. So do your best."

"I will try," he answered with tears in his eyes. "Yes, I will try;" and wringing her hand again, he was gone.

He was surprised when he got to the mine to find what an object of curiosity he was. His recovery was looked upon by most people as nothing less than a miracle. And all kinds of stories were afloat as to the healing virtues in the touch of the strange young woman who had come so mysteriously to St. Ural, and as mysteriously vanished.

When twelve o'clock came, and he went into the smithy to eat the toothsome "pasty" Miss Tabitha's cook had made for him, most of the hands on the "floors" kept him company. And when his pasty had disappeared, they began to ply him with questions.

"Do'ee think now, doctor," queried Charley Bone, a half-witted fellow, "as that she was a real witch?"

"Well, Charley, she came from Lancashire, anyhow," he answered, with a smile.

"Then I'll be boun' Gracey was right," Charley answered with a knowing look. "Gracey said she wasn't no proper woman like, that she was onnat'ral, an' thews kind ov wimmin can go through a keyhole if they like."

"Indeed!" Trevanion answered, pretending to look interested.

"Gor you, Gracey believed she flied away on a broom, she do," Charley said, with an air of deep seriousness.

"You don't surely mean it, Charley?"

"I do, then, by jabbers. Why, dedn'ee never 'ear 'bout the witches in the Bible? Why, bless'ee, the world was full ov 'em once 'pon a time, an' these witches can do sich curious things. They can turn theirselves into owls, an' rabbits, an' gor jays; before you can wink they be out of sight."

"Iss, an' vather says," broke in a freckled lad, "that she ain't no more lost than he es."

"And who is your fater?" asked Trevanion.

"Why, don'tee know Beswarrick's boy?" chimed in half a dozen voices.

"Oh, this is Beswarrick's son, is it?" Trevanion answered carelessly. "Well, all I have to say is, if she's as much lost as Beswarrick is, she'll never be found again;" and he rose from his seat and walked out of the smithy.

"Why, Sam ain't lost 'toal," said three or four voices. But he did not reply. His heart was too sore for further conversation. Moreover, he hated to have the name of the woman he had loved bandied about after this fashion. His brief conversation had revealed clearly enough the kind of talk that was going the rounds of the villagers, and brought into strong relief the ignorance and superstition of the village folk.

"Well, well," he reflected, "they shall get nothing out of me;" and he turned and walked away down the valley alone.

As the days passed away, the fact that impressed Trevanion most was the change that had been wrought in himself. It seemed as if the whole current of his life had been reversed. He was a different man. His tastes were not the same, his thoughts were not the same: the whole outlook of life was altered, the world wore a different face. Why was this? He was flung into the very teeth of the old temptations, but they were temptations no longer. He passed and repassed the door of the "Miners' Arms." He heard the loud guffaws and the rollicking laughter of the few inveterate toppers within. He listened to Peter Buzza's honeyed words in praise of his latest brew, and yet he had not the shadow of a desire to go within. Indeed, the mere suggestion of it was utterly repugnant to him. For six months he had grown gradually away from the old life, till now he almost wondered that it had ever been possible to him.

Six months ago he had told Peter Buzza that he had seen a vision. Carelessly enough he had uttered the words, not thinking of their meaning. And yet in those words lay the secret of the change that had come over him. He had seen a vision of purity and had loved it. And how could he love purity and yet be vile? And since

all purity and beauty were of God and from God, by loving these attributes, he was growing unconsciously to love the Supreme.

These thoughts did not shape themselves very clearly in his mind at first. They were but as a beam in darkness, but were destined to grow to the fuller light.

By Christmas Irene seemed to him almost like the memory of a dream. Miss Tabitha was away in London, and had been there for two months. Ivyholme was out of the village, and he never passed it unless compelled. The sluggish life of St. Ural moved on without a ripple on the surface. By the villagers Irene was forgotten.

Trevanion never spoke of her to any one, and rarely spoke of himself. Outwardly he appeared quite contented with his work. If he had any ambitions respecting the future he kept them to himself. Most of his spare money he spent in books, and all his spare time he spent poring over them. On Sundays he went to Church or Chapel, just as the mood might possess him, and sometimes when the minister read about the angels that appeared in olden time, he half wondered if Irene did not belong to that class, and if she had not been sent of God to lead him away from death to life.

As time went on all his old love of neatness returned; he dressed himself with care and taste, and consequently became greatly admired by the eligible spinsters of St. Ural, but he had no eyes for any of them. One face alone lived in his memory and in his heart. His ideal no other could reach. He would never see her again on earth, never look into her sweet and liquid eyes, and yet she would abide with him an inspiration and a revelation to the very last.

As spring advanced, he heard that Miss Tabitha was not well, and that she was not likely to return for a long time to come.

When the Vicar told him this, he smiled to himself. "She said she would keep her eye upon me," he thought. "But I think she has forgotten me."

Early in March, however, he discovered he was not forgotten. For one morning he received a letter from her, asking him to meet her in London, as she very much wanted to talk to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

DREAMS AND FANCIES.

WHEN Trevanion was ushered into Miss Tabitha's presence, he could not help wondering—as he had wondered all the way to London—why or wherefore she wanted to see him, and why a letter would not have answered the purpose just as well.

"I know you are greatly surprised," she said as soon as he had got seated; "and I expect

you have been thinking I had forgotten you. But I have been kept informed of your doings and whereabouts. And let me tell you I am very much pleased with you; in fact, I am quite proud of you. And now I have a proposition to make. You must go to College again and be a doctor."

"But—but—I—" he began.

"No, don't say anything yet," she interposed. "You know, Dick,—let me call you Dick,—I knew your father. He and I were great friends at one time, and—that is—but never mind what. Anyhow, I would like to do something for you. I nearly proposed this six months ago when you were leaving Ivyholme to go back to work again. But I wanted to see first what you were prepared to do for yourself, and so I let you go back to the old life, to face the old temptations and to fight your own battles. I am glad I did. You have come out of the ordeal well. I am not afraid to trust you now, and so you must complete your studies and be a doctor. That is what you were intended for, and what you should be."

"But really, Miss Penwithiel, I have no claim—" he began.

"Perhaps not," she interposed quickly, "and let me tell you I should have offered to do nothing for you had you gone on in the old ways. I don't help people when they don't try to help themselves. I may be wrong in that; but right or wrong, these are my views. But when I discovered you had turned over a new leaf and were beginning to play the man, well, then I felt my time had come. Now what do you say to my proposal?"

"I do not know what to say," he replied, in some confusion. "It is so sudden, so unexpected, so unlike anything I could ever have hoped or dreamed, that I feel as though I wanted to think about it, and make sure that I am not dreaming."

"Then you will be glad to take up your studies again?"

"As a matter of fact, I have taken them up already. During the last three months I have been reading hard."

"So much the better. Will you need to go back to St. Ural again?"

"No; the few things I have may be sent on to me."

"That is right. I mean to have a little of your company during your studies. I am shutting up Ivyholme for a year, at least. I have taken a furnished house here, so you will be able to come and see me often."

Trevanion tried to thank her, but broke down in the attempt.

"There, now, that will do," she said, when he struggled to express himself. "You have not so much to thank me for, after all. You are going to pay me back, you say, when you get on to

your feet. So it's only just a temporary loan. Now hand me your purse, and then be off into the City and get some new clothes."

* * * * *

Two years later Trevanion was acting as *locum tenens* for a country doctor in Devonshire. He had passed his examinations with distinction, and with no apparent difficulty, and had become, much to Miss Tabitha's delight, a fully qualified medical practitioner. For the first few months she was very anxious about him. She had an idea that medical students, to put it mildly, had a tendency to be gay, and she was a little afraid lest her *protégé* should yield to the pressure of environment and lose the ground he had so hardly won. But when six or seven months had passed, she gave up fearing. She kept open house for him in London, and became to him a second mother; and when, now and then, he could spend a few days with her or what he called "a week end," she so surrounded him with home comforts that he had no desire to go anywhere else. To Miss Tabitha it was a real delight to watch his mental and moral growth. "He is so like his father," she would say to herself, "though not so handsome, of course; but, with care, he will make a better man."

Occasionally they talked about Irene Revill. It was not likely that either of them could forget her—particularly Trevanion. He always felt that he owed everything to her. In the hour of his greatest need she had been as one of God's angels, and even now, the memory of her sweet and winsome face was an inspiration. He liked to recall those old days when they first met. Painful as was the recollection of those years of his humiliation, there was yet a thread of pleasure woven into the pain. The very shame was a factor in his redemption. The memory of the past was a present safeguard.

He was sitting in Dr. Smith's cosy sanctum, in the quiet little village of Billowdale. Dr. Smith was a bachelor without ambition, and so was quite content to spend his life among a simple country folk, and doctor them almost for nothing.

Trevanion had been in Billowdale a week, and had got to know all the patients and a good deal of the gossip of the neighbourhood. And now, after a hard day's riding over miles of uneven country, he was glad to get into dressing-gown and slippers, and settle down for a quiet smoke before the fire.

The weather was rainy and cold, with a complaining wind, though the spring had travelled a full fortnight into April.

"How strange it all is!" he mused, as he watched the blue wreaths curling up from his pipe. "I am beginning to feel like a full-fledged

doctor—I, who was once an outcast. Dear me, how time travels, and how far away that strange past seems to get! Let me think. It is just three years this very day since I drank my last glass of beer. Ah! it was a brighter day than this has been. I think I see her now in the April sunshine! How bonny she looked! how my then sluggish heart throbbed at sight of her! how she quickened what of manhood was left in me. Well, well, I shall never see her again, and yet she is mine for ever. I shall never lose her, for she is in my heart."

And he lay back in his chair and closed his eyes, and gave himself up to dreams of the past.

Now such dreams are fatal to a lighted pipe, and very soon he had to come back from his pleasant meditations to the unromantic work of searching for a matchbox.

But his pipe would not draw well this evening, or rather, his thoughts were too busy with other things. The face of Irene Revill flitted before him in the gloaming, and looked at him through the window, and smiled at him from the pictures on the walls, while in the wailing wind he caught the echo of her voice and snatches of the old-time songs she used to sing.

"They say that the dead are soon forgotten," he mused; "but it is not always so. I shall never forget Rene—never, never! She is my wife, and I know I shall be true to her, and she will be true to me. There is this advantage, too, she will never grow old, or wrinkled, or grey. She will never be cross, or pettish, or vain. I shall never be disenchanted, as they say husbands sometimes are, or lose my reverence for womanhood. I shall keep my ideal in my heart, and she will be to the end as when I saw her last, sweet, and fair, and girlish—perfect in feature and in form. I shall grow old and ugly it may be, but she will be always young and always fair."

Then he got up and lighted the lamp, and filled his pipe a second time; but he did not light it just then.

"I wonder if Smith dreams of the past," he reflected, "as he sits here during the long winter evenings? It must be very lonely. But perhaps he has some fair vision to keep him company—some precious memory of a youthful love."

And he struck a match and lighted his pipe. "Ah, well," he went on, "I shall live alone, I suppose, as Smith has done. And yet I could not be content to bury myself in a place like this. I know *she* would have me be a healer of men in a larger sense than merely curing their bodies. I have touched the dregs of life, and felt the shame of losing the sense of shame. And I ought to be able to sympathise with the feeble and fallen, and lend them in their need a helping hand. Yes, my work must be in the crowd. Ah! there

are thousands of young men who might be saved if—if——"

And he took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared long and absently into the fire.

"To love purity," he muttered at length, "is to hate evil. Love is salvation. To love wife and children is next to loving God. For a young man to love a sweet-eyed woman is the noblest thing he can do. Until I loved I was lost." And he placed his pipe between his teeth, and began to pull at it with unusual vigour.

Outside, the wind was getting up, and rumbling sullenly in the chimney top, and driving the rain in great splashes against the window.

"It is very sweet," he reflected at length, "to have a precious memory to keep one company. But it would be sweeter after all to have the reality. Ah! Rene, Rene, if we might have grown old together! But it was not to be. When I loved you, I was not worthy of you; and now when I might have made you happy, and you would have filled my life with a glad content, the gulf of death yawns between. Well, well, God's will is best;" and he got up from his chair and took two or three turns around the room.

Then a violent ringing of the door-bell startled him, and a minute later a servant from Turton Hall was ushered into his presence.

"If you please," said the man, standing before him with dripping hat and coat, "will you come to the Hall? Master's been throw'd from his horse, and is badly hurt,—terrible badly hurt, I should say. An' I don't think there's no time to be lost." The man spoke rapidly, and without a pause, as though he had decided beforehand what to say.

"You are Mr. Thorpe's coachman, I think?" Trevanion said.

"Aye, sur, I be."

"You didn't walk, of course?"

"No, I comed in the dog-cart; it's lightest, and the roads be very heavy."

"Very good—I'll be with you in a moment;" and he hurried into his topcoat, pulled a cloth cap tightly over his head, thrust a case of instruments into his pocket, and led the way out of the house.

The night was quite dark, and the rain was coming down in torrents, while in the tall trees the wind was surging like the beating of an angry sea.

"You know the roads well, I suppose," Trevanion said, as he seated himself by the side of the driver, and tucked the rugs tightly round his legs.

"Aye, sur. I've lived in these parts all my life. Now then, steady, mare;" and they went bowling away into the darkness.

"And is your master a native of these parts?" Trevanion asked, when a turn of the road brought the wind round to their backs.

"No, sur; us do not know where he do come

from. He bought the place better'n a year agone. Ay, it must be nigh two year now."

"He isn't married, I think?"

"Married? Not he. He don't care nawthin' for women. All he do care for is eatin' and drinkin', an' smokin', and ridin' the hosses to death across the country."

"You don't have much company at the Hall, I think I've heard?"

"Noan at all, sur. And atween you an' me, sur, I doan't think the master belongs to noan of the county families, an' that makes a purty sight of difference in these parts."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, iss, sur. Folks be terrible stuck up round 'bout here. Though atween us, sur, I don't think Master Thorpe cares much 'bout it."

"No?"

"Not he. He's what they call a sort of misan-poky kind of a man. You know, sur, a sort of prowlin', oneasy, restless individual. He might have somethin' 'pon his mind. But get ahead, mare, for he's terribly hurt, sur."

(*To be continued.*)

For the rest of the distance they journeyed in silence, and when at length they passed through the lodge gates, and saw the lights from the Hall windows gleaming in the distance, Trevanion drew a breath of relief. He had felt all the way a strange sense of oppression, which he could not account for, as though something important and fateful were about to happen. He remembered a similar feeling two years and a half ago, when he stood at the window at Ivyholme and watched Irene Revill walk away. He tried to shake off the gloomy presentiment—argued with himself that it was the dreary weather that weighed upon his spirits: but all to no purpose. The strange sense of impending something—mystery or misery, or whatever it might be—would not be driven away.

At length they pulled up in front of the house, the door was thrown open in a moment, and, divesting himself of his dripping coat, and throwing his cap on the hall table, he silently followed one of the maidservants up the broad staircase and into the sick man's room.

CHRISTIANITY AND ATHLETICS.

By DR. DALLINGER.

OUR readers will be interested in the following letter, written by Dr. Dallinger to a correspondent whose minister had discouraged athletics:—

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter just received, I beg to say that it is a matter of surprise and regret to me to hear that there is still lingering in the Church anywhere a Christian teacher who denounces athletics. If any men should inculcate the law of a sound body, and encourage the means of securing it, it is those whose aim is to help men to possess themselves of sound *minds*. Neither can be soundly healthy if both are not; but the body's health is less dependent on the vigour of the mind than the mind's health is on the soundness of the body.

"The body is as Divine as the mind. It is not a question of religious opinion, it is a matter of physiological demonstration that athletic exercise in some form is essential to the body's welfare. It is as profound a duty of the religious personality to direct the body to studied and healthy exercises—physical religion—as it is the duty of the same mind to direct *itself* to self-surrender, a resolute search for truth, or indomitable purpose to seek the Christ-like mind.

"Asceticism in relation to the body is as pernicious to a healthy religious life as monasticism. A son of God may wield a bat, feather an oar, run a race, with as much pureness in his heart as he has when he prays; Christ was as much

the 'express image' of His Father's 'Person' when He toiled with the fishermen on Galilee as when He was transfigured. Purity is not for certain places, nor for certain acts; it is for *all* the motions and activities of the Christian mind, in devotion, in work, in recreation and in rest.

"It is fatal to the interests of all religion to emasculate it into casuistry and sumptuary laws. It is *not* these, it is *life*; and if that life be there, the use of the bat, the gun, the oar, and the knowledge that *from Christ* there is no prohibition of their use, will only make that life more bright, joyous, and healthy.

"Athletics are socially of value, for they kindle and quicken common human interests and human sympathies, and tend to soften class differences. They are intellectually of vast value, for they divert the mind from itself to secure the body's health; and I, as a Christian minister concerned constantly with the mental, moral, and physical training of young men, assure you that if it were possible to demonstrate to me that the Gospel taught that the very highest moral and spiritual purity could not dwell within the finest athlete as such, and be made to give grace to the athletics of our sons and daughters, I should mourn to feel that the last blow had been struck (for me) at the Gospel.

"Most truly yours,

"W. H. DALLINGER."

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

I AM happy to acknowledge so fresh and interesting a letter as that of *Amicus*. The subject he suggests—of the best fiction for young men—is one of wide interest, and really merits something more than casual treatment. First of all, and beyond all, I should place Scott as the novelist of youth. In Scott there is not only a superb power of narration, but a certain massive ease and sweep of hand, such as we find in the paintings of the old masters, and which in fiction as in art indicates the masterpiece. There is also a bright buoyancy, a genial temper, a sense of wholesomeness and health, which make these immortal fictions the special heritage of youth. A good deal, I think, is accounted for by the fact that Scott preserved his *incognito* almost to the last. He wrote *Waverley* for his own pleasure, and had very little thought of fame; and to a large degree this is true of all his novels. Moreover, in his day there was not nearly so much reviewing, and there was little of the infinite chatter about a man's personal movements which besets the popular author of to-day. Sheltered behind his *incognito*, Scott did pretty much as he liked, and worked to please himself. He never strained after effect, or forced a situation, or played to the galleries. He never tried to be brilliant, and his greatest effects are wrought with a certain fine spontaneity and ease. The youth who reads Scott thoroughly, puts his mind in contact with the finest and most enduring elements of fiction. No one ever yet derived the least harm from Scott, and for youth especially contact with a nature so large and genial and sane as his, is of unspeakable good. It was the pious prayer of a great and devout man that God would bless His servant Walter Scott for all the good he had done and the joy he had brought to thousands, and it was a deserved benediction.

* * *

I pass over half a dozen authors and their books (particularly *The Cloister and the Hearth* of Charles Reade), and come to an author particularly named by *Amicus*, viz., Charles Kingsley. I cannot agree with *Amicus* that Kingsley was a greater man than Carlyle: Carlyle was his master. But in a very special sense Kingsley is the novelist of youth. That first throb of joy in the world and its beauty which is the peculiar prerogative of youth never left him. No man better understood "the magnificent rage of living which fills the heart of one-and-twenty." Perhaps he a little overdoes the sentiment. He is apt to exaggerate his feelings, and to fling his

colours about in wild masses. But no one can miss the note of sincerity, of splendid manliness and enthusiasm, which sounds through all his writings. *Westward Ho!* is a great book, and *Hypatia*, *Alton Locke*, and *Yeast* do not come far behind it. I have lately looked through the last three books again, and it is startling to find that while much has been gained, the social problems which lay so heavy on Kingsley's heart are the very problems with which we are grappling still. *Amicus* is right in supposing that Kingsley has done much to colour and direct my own thought. There was an hour when he was my spiritual deliverer—he and Carlyle. Perhaps the best ministry he performs for youth is to purge it of its morbid humours, to sting it into energy, to make it realize the supreme joy of living, and the duty of living valiantly. The youth who has fed his mind on Scott and Kingsley can hardly fail of manliness, for the one breathes into him the spirit of health, and the other the spirit of enthusiasm. Latter-day fiction is a thing much more complex and subtle, and is deeply tinged with morbid and melancholy feeling. We cannot ignore it, and if we would know the drift of our times we must needs read it. But before we do so we should thoroughly saturate the mind with Scott and Kingsley, if for no other reason because they can best preserve us from the perilous elements of this later fiction.

* * *

The letter of P. M. (Washington, U.S.A.) only confirms me in the opinion that it is an act of the greatest un wisdom for a youth who has been bred to a sedentary life suddenly to fling up his prospects in England and seek a life of manual labour in the New World. My growing conviction is that for the youth of real ability there are no openings in America that cannot be found still more readily at home. Emigration must begin to run in a different course if it is to be of any real value to the surplus population of England. J. T., like many other youths, grew tired of sedentary life in England, emigrated, has tried shepherding, railroading, and farming, and now says: "I made a miserable mistake." "I love to be out of doors, and breathe God's pure air," he writes, "but I cannot stand the hard manual labour." Exactly: manual labour needs fitness and training as truly as clerical and professional labour. That is what men forget. They suppose that anybody can do the work of a farmer or a railroad man. No mistake can be greater, and unless a youth has a fine physique as his

stock in trade he will discover that such work as this is as absolutely impossible to him as the work of a lawyer would be without a lawyer's special training. Concerning the latter part of *J. T.*'s letter, I can say but little. He must know for himself whether he is fitted to enter the ministry. No one else can tell him, though the opinion of friends ought to have due weight with him. Such an opinion, when it is decisive and unanimous, represents a call from without which ought not to be disregarded; but it must always be confirmed by the call from within.

This subject suggests a yet wider one, concerning which several letters have reached me. Put in a phrase, they open the question of a change of profession or means of livelihood. A youth grows tired of a trade to which he has been apprenticed, or a profession for which he is qualified, and wants to do something different. In most cases the plea is that his present work is uncongenial, and his confessed or unacknowledged hope is that he may find some other calling easier or more lucrative. In nine cases out of ten he wants to be a journalist, and thinks himself qualified for journalism because he loves books, and can write readily, and finds a keen pleasure in writing. Well, in all kindness and candour, I must say that I dare not encourage these intentions. It takes many years to learn any trade or profession thoroughly; is it wise to throw away all this carefully elaborated fitness? There is no trade or profession that has not its unpleasant conditions; is not the plea of uncongenial conditions very largely the plea of impatience and laziness? Nothing is commoner than to suppose some other person's lot much pleasanter than our own, and to find upon closer examination that it has its drudgeries and difficulties, which very likely outweigh ours by ten to one. I know that there are cases in which a man has changed his employment in mid-life even, and with success; but these cases are rare. I knew a mill-owner who became a successful barrister; but I also know more than one man who threw away a sound employment for the bar, and never succeeded at all, although he worked ten times harder than he had ever done. All things are possible to genius, but genius is rare; and a youth should hesitate many times before he flings away a sure thing for an uncertain, especially in a country where every road to success is thronged as it is in ours.

As regards journalism, it is probably the hardest and most over-crowded of all professions. Any one who wants to know what it means should read Dr. Robertson Nicoll's life of James Macdonnel of the *Times*. Macdonnel was a really brilliant man, an able scholar, and of infinite

energy. He succeeded and won his way to the front, but his success wore him out and killed him at forty. Let no youth be deceived by the circumstance that he loves books, and can write easily, into believing that he is a heaven-born journalist. Tens of thousands of persons can do these things. As education advances, these thousands will be indefinitely multiplied. Probably ten per cent at least of the boys in every Board-school can do as much, and at a very moderate computation, thirty per cent. of the youths in all the great public schools, colleges, and universities. It is true that there is no school of journalism, and because the entrance is broad and easy, men forget that the road is narrow and difficult. The only wise thing for a youth, who believes he has such an aptitude, is to sedulously cultivate it, and use what local opportunities he has; but in no case to give up any sure means of livelihood for it, until the call is unmistakably clear, and the way distinctly open.

Conscience writes me a very interesting letter, but to deal with it fully would need many columns, for it states points of very subtle theological and metaphysical importance. The point, however, appears to be the value of morality, and Christ's view of it. It is absurd to say that morality is of no value, and that to be only moral counts for nothing with God, when nine-tenths of the Bible occupies itself with the direct inculcation of morality. Is it not also distinctly stated that he who fears God and works righteousness is accepted of God? That was the great discovery which Peter made, and it taught him that the Church was larger than the churches. Moreover, for a man to live purely and blamelessly is the sign of the Holy Spirit working in him. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Where I find the right fruit, I need not trouble myself about the root; if the fruit is divine, the root must be divine too. "Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?" said Christ. So far as we are concerned with the state of those who have an imperfect moral light, Christ again has spoken with complete distinctness. The servant who knew not his Lord's will, and therefore did not do it, will be beaten with few stripes. God's justice measures itself beside man's opportunity, or it would not be justice, but mere mechanical tyranny. The thing is to live up to the light we have, whether it be large or small; and what most of us need is not more light, but more fidelity to the light we have. Briefly, to under-rate the value of morality is also to degrade religion, since a true morality is the outward witness to a true religion, whether it be confessed or no. If the man of "merely moral life" is, in point of fact, a much better man than the

man who professes Christian conversion and regeneration, I am bound to conclude that he is really a better Christian, although he may not make the claim himself; and that the professed Christianity of the other man is more a matter of phrases and superficial emotions than he imagines, or perhaps can perceive. So far from views such as these disqualifying a man for the work of a religious teacher, I should say they are his best qualification, for no views need pressing home upon the general conscience so much.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.—*W. G. (Saffron Walden)* would find it his best course to inquire for some tutor or schoolmaster in his neighbourhood, who could give him private instruction. Trench on the *Study of Words* would be useful. It is next to impossible to learn French, for conversational purposes, with any efficiency without a teacher. If you know a good teacher, by all means put yourself under him. Latin will prove very helpful in the study of both French and Italian.—*W. C. J. (Mon.)*: The books named are useful in their way, but a much better book is Dr. Sperry's *Confidential Talks*, recently advertised in these columns.—*Conrad (Crosslea)*: Dr. Conan Doyle's stories are, of course, fiction, though in what degree real incidents are utilised in them I have no means of knowing.—*J. M. (Manchester)*: By far the best book for your purpose is Mr. Benj. Kidd's *Social Evolution*, published at 10s. nett by Messrs. Macmillan. It is the ablest book on the subject which has yet appeared, and is exciting general attention. Its contention is that there is no such thing as natural religion, and that there is nothing in human nature to suggest it. Religion is something that has been breathed into a man from without. The most a man naturally knows of himself is that he is the inhabitant of a small planet, on which, as Mr. Balfour puts it, he is "a deplorable episode," with "conscience enough to know that he is vile, and intelligence enough to know that he is insignificant." But it is impossible to describe Mr. Kidd's book in a sentence or two. Read it, and you will find that not only is it learned, acute, and brilliant, but it directly supports those religious conclusions to which you adhere.—*A. J. P. (Maindee)*: The first five and the last verses are excellent. But why drag a miserable little moral in at verse six? Poetry is primarily the right expression of emotion and beauty: if you can achieve that, you need not trouble about

tacking on a moral. The moral will take care of itself.—*Hibernia*: I should say that the best course is to concentrate all attention on the work of the Edinburgh degree first. If you don't do this, you may fail in both, by mere dissipation of energy. But you can keep the London degree in view all the time, and be quietly, though not definitely and specifically preparing for it.—*H. E. H. (Rawtenstall)*: I don't quite see your difficulty. One gives presents to friends constantly without meaning them in any way to be a pledge or a bond. It is surely a little hard and stupid if one cannot do an act of kindness without being expected straightway to marry its recipient.—*R. S. B.*: Yes, the verses are good, and their best point is that they have, in spite of some metrical jerkiness, a good deal of originality, which is the rarest of qualities. Persevere. There is always one comfort about writing poetry: if no one ever reads it, we have, as Coleridge said, our own "exceeding great reward" in the joy of writing it.—*E. N. (Glen)*: There is no cause for alarm in what you say. The great thing is, having broken the vile habit, never to permit its renewal, even for a moment. Nature will then right herself, and the uncomfortable symptoms you name will pass away with the growth of a healthier vitality.—*H. T. (Hoxton)*: I know nothing of the book you name, but you might buy it and see what it is worth. By far the best book for the use of Sunday-school teachers published lately is Mr. W. Moodie's *Tools for Teachers* (Elliot Stock). This is a most admirable collection of incidents, anecdotes, and illustrations carefully arranged, and in almost every case they are very fresh and telling, and have never been used before. The fault of most books of this class is that they consist of the stale sweepings of inferior journalism; but this book is compiled by a man of literary insight and excellent taste.—I cannot answer the letter of *C. G. D. A.*, because it is impossible to argue with any one who is not moderately careful of his facts. I would also respectfully suggest that before Scripture is quoted to buttress a case, it should be read. Thus *C. G. D. A.* declares that Christ said money was the root of all evil. He said nothing of the kind. It was St. Paul who said that the love of money was the root of all evil, which is a very different thing. Christ also did not say, "Blessed are the poor, for they shall see God." He said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Where we base great assumptions on quotations, it is at least necessary to quote correctly.

A NEW WEEKLY PAPER.

In our next issue we hope to make an important announcement concerning a new weekly paper, the first number of which we shall publish on October 4. Our readers have often asked for a publication which should be a more frequent visitor than THE YOUNG MAN, and we greatly hope that our weekly paper will prove as useful and successful as our monthly magazine. We are preparing a remarkable programme, and we rely on the friendly co-operation of our readers to enable

us to give this new venture a good start.

We shall have short stories by Jerome K. Jerome, Silas K. Hocking, I. Zangwill, S. Baring Gould, Clark Russell, Grant Allen, John Strange Winter, H. D. Lowry, L. T. Meade, G. Manville Fenn, Mabel Quiller Couch, L. B. Walford, B. L. Farjeon, Katharine Tynan, G. B. Burgin, and many other well-known writers. Next month we shall be able to announce full details regarding the first number.

OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE great labour war which was waged recently in the United States began with a dispute about wages in the works of Mr. George M. Pullman. Mr. Pullman is one of the many millionaires in Chicago, and is known all over the world as the maker of the convenient and luxurious Pullman car, and incidentally as the founder of the town which bears his name, although Pullman is now practically part and parcel of Chicago. Mr. Pullman was the third son of a large family. His two elder brothers are distinguished ministers. His mother was left a widow with five children of tender age, and George, who was twenty-two years old, without trade or profession. He had, however, accumulated a small capital in the furniture business in Albion, N.Y., which he consumed in discharging the obligations incurred by his father's illness, and he was left with only £10 in the world. Deeply imbued with principles of probity derived from the example and instruction of his father, who had been a mechanic and inventor, it was not long before he secured contracts to raise buildings, made necessary by excavations for the Erie Canal, and his success brought him not only remuneration, but was the means of saving enormous sums of money to the State of New York. About this time it was necessary to raise the buildings in Chicago, and Mr. Pullman saw a great opportunity for the exercise of his skill and ability. He moved to Chicago and contracted to raise large brick buildings, which advanced his prospects materially. Meanwhile, in 1885, his mind had been directed to the necessity of a sleeping-car, growing out of the fact that he had tried the bunk of a car intended for that purpose on a trip to Chicago. In 1859 he altered two cars for the Chicago and Alton R.R., and converted them into sleeping cars; but in 1864 he built in a shed the "Pioneer," which cost him £3,600. This car conveyed the body of Lincoln to its place of rest, and to enable it to pass over the road, on account of its size, platforms and other obstructions had to be altered to conform to its safe passage. Since that time Mr. Pullman, without resorting to the ruthless methods of modern competition, has gone on step by step from car to car, until at the present moment he is said to have a fleet, as he calls it, of nearly 2,000 sleepers, which are operated by the Pullman Company. They have, besides, fifty-eight dining cars and 650 buffet cars. Altogether the cars which the company operate number 2,573.

SANDOW ON STRENGTH.

Writing in an American monthly on "How to Preserve Health and Attain Strength," Eugen Sandow, the strong man, says: "I do all my training with dumb bells, supplemented with weight lifting. I consider 5-pound dumb bells sufficient for any one over the age of fifteen. I do not keep to any special diet, but eat whatever

I have a taste for, without stinting myself unduly; nor do I restrict myself seriously in what I drink. I abjure everything intoxicating, and never suffer myself to touch tea or coffee. All I impose upon my appetites is that they shall be temperately indulged. I endeavour to have my meals at regular hours, and prefer that they shall be simple and easy of digestion. I take plenty of sleep, and find this essential to my well-being. As I do not go to bed before midnight, or even later, I do not rise until eleven, when I take a cold bath, all the year round, preceded by a little light exercise with the dumb bells. I then have breakfast, and after attending to my correspondence, and seeing my friends, I go for a walk or drive, whatever the weather may be. At seven I dine, after which I rest until my evening performance, and close the day with another cold bath and supper. My nightly exhibitions, I may add, supply me, together with a good constitutional every day, or a spin on my bicycle, with all the exercise I need." It may be added that Sandow is a great smoker, being rarely seen without a cigar in his mouth—and usually of very poor quality.

MEMS ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN.

If a man is selfish, getting married will not cure him of it.—*Ram's Horn.*

Woman may be the weaker vessel, but it's always the husband that's broke.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A man is only jealous of other men; a woman is jealous of everybody, including herself.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Spend a rainy, chilly morning with a woman and a tobacco-smoky evening with a man if you wish to really know each.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

EDUCATION COSTS MORE NOWADAYS.

The average expense at Yale University is £192 for freshman year, £219 for sophomore year, £242 for junior year, and £251 for senior year. The editor of the Yale class book says: "It is a recognised fact that slowly, but surely, it is getting harder and harder for a poor man to get through Yale. And whether this is the case at Yale alone, so that she is gradually giving up her name for being the 'poor man's college,' or whether it is that life is growing more complex, and that the price of a college education has risen proportionally at all other institutions, is a question that we are not fully prepared to answer. That Yale is by degrees giving up some of her boasted 'democracy,' and that it is getting harder for a poor fellow to 'get his dues' than it once was, is certain." Great Americans have been born poor. When brains are snubbed in favour of Midas, the decadence is not far off.

TONY CRANE.

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